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# The Sketch

No. 2341—Vol. CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1937. ONE SHILLING

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK.

## KING GEORGE VI., WHO BEGAN HIS REIGN A YEAR AGO.

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI. *will celebrate the anniversary of his accession to the Throne on Saturday next, December 11. He and Queen Elizabeth were extremely popular as Duke and Duchess of York, but in the twelve months which have elapsed since they became King and Queen they have been taken to the hearts of the country with a depth of affection and loyalty which is only equalled by that which the late King George V. enjoyed.*

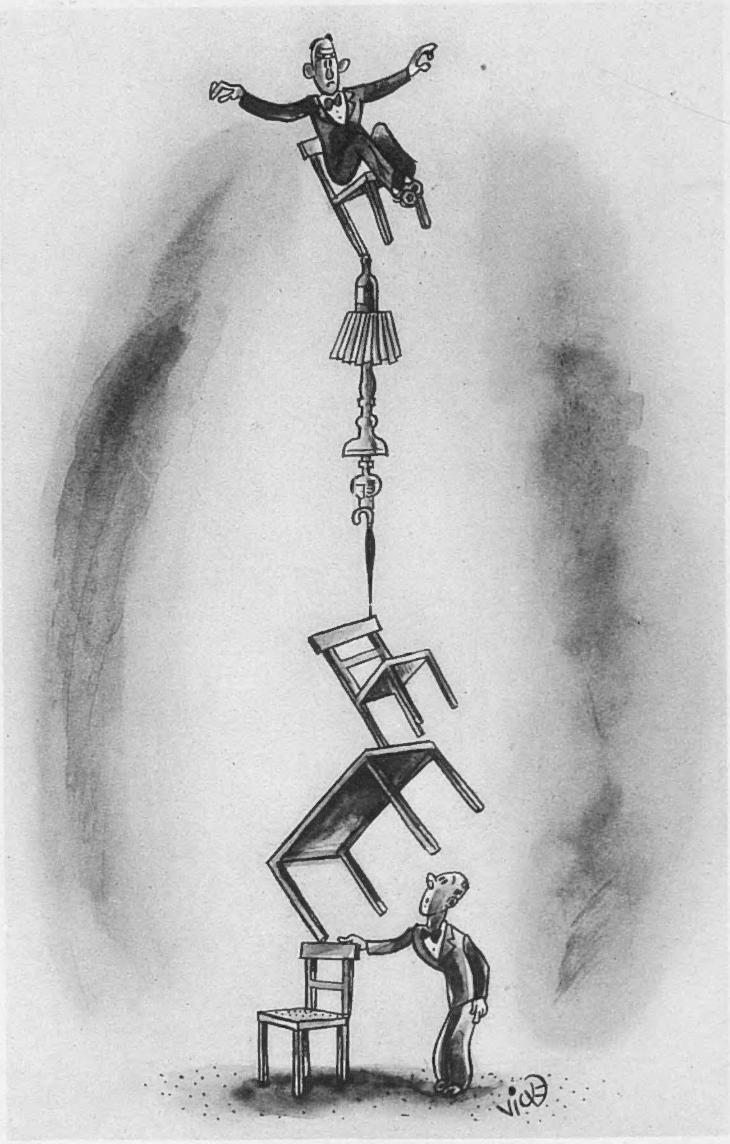
# MOTLEY NOTES.

## By ALAN KEMP.

### TEMPTATION.

OSCAR WILDE said that he could resist everything except temptation, and it is a constant marvel to such charitable observers of human nature as myself how many temptations we frail mortals manage to resist. I will not refer in detail to all the temptations which I have in mind, lest I touch on delicate ground and make you feel uncomfortable; I will say nothing about the Ten Commandments or the Seven Deadly Sins (some of which, however, such as Gluttony, many of us find no difficulty in resisting). But of all terrible temptations which assail flesh and blood, perhaps the most formidable is the desire, which comes upon us in many circumstances, to do something perfectly frightful, just to see what would happen.

For example, we are all familiar with the hypnotic fascination of bald heads in theatres. To sit immediately behind a shining pate, with your programme in your hand, in a theatre or other place of entertainment, is a great test of self-control, for there is a very strong impulse in all normally-constituted human beings to slap the gleaming expanse with the programme. Psychologists do not know why; there is no rancour about the thing—one has no particular animus against bald heads, especially if one is getting thin on top oneself. In ordinary circumstances, one feels no irresistible urge to commit promiscuous assault and battery; but somehow the caveman in us all feels that a bald head is eminently a thing which invites slapping with programmes. Speculation runs riot in imagining how the owner of the head would behave; it falters in imagining how one would explain one's conduct, either to the person slapped or to the magistrate. One *might* get away with it by saying that a fly, wasp, or spider was about to settle on the Unimproved Area; but one certainly would not get away with it by saying that one had simply followed a natural and universal instinct. Stipendiary Magistrates are stern moralists, and take the view that natural and universal instincts are not to be followed on all occasions.



"EXCUSE ME, IS THIS CHAIR TAKEN?"

DRAWN BY VICKY.

Another triumph of our self-control is the way in which we refrain from retaliating for the wanton injuries inflicted upon us by public speakers, and especially after-dinner speakers. This is all the more remarkable because at most dinners we are surrounded, during the speeches, by handy and tempting missiles, such as apples, pears, pineapples, and nice, hard Brazil nuts. I have never seen any of these things thrown, and I have often wondered why. The other night I was within a few feet of an absolutely soul-searing speaker, and there was a syphon of soda standing near me. (The "s's" in that last sentence are intended to convey suppressed hisses.) My mind dwelt earnestly on the fascinating question whether, if I took careful aim, I could catch this Public Enemy in the middle of the shirt-front with a jet of effervescent liquid, and what would happen if I did. It was only cowardice which prevented me from putting the matter to the test. It is only cowardice which prevents us, on many occasions, from getting up in church and telling a certain type of extremely self-satisfied and extremely positive clergyman to come off it, or words to that effect.

These are all encouraging examples of self-knowledge, self-reverence, and self-control, but perhaps our greatest feat of Free Will is that we so seldom yield to the almost irresistible temptation to pull the communication-cord in a train. "Penalty for improper use, £5"—well, I mean, it is just *asking for it.* We stare at the thing, we brood on it, we wonder whether the train really pulls up, as in the novels, "with a sickening shriek of brakes," we wonder what the guard does, we wonder whether we could escape the penalty of £5 and the fury of the other passengers by sinking into our corner and pretending innocence—we toy with all sorts of amusing speculations, and yet we never have the courage to treat ourselves to a fiver's-worth of all this fun.

At least, I had supposed that we never did so, and that communication-cords were made not to be pulled, but I am glad to learn from a recent report that there *are* a certain number of people who have the courage of their convictions (as they understand the term at Bow Street) in this matter. In fact, it is stated that these bold and sporting spirits stop no fewer than 200 trains a year in England. Not all of them, however, do so for the proper motive—I mean, just for the fun of the thing. They have all sorts of reasons of a dull, unimaginative nature. We read, for example, of one elderly lady who gave the alarm signal in peculiarly distressing circumstances. In the emotion of saying good-bye to friends at the station, she parted with something which is described by another name in the report, but which I, being nicely brought up, prefer to call an artificial denture. If ever a situation justified an S.O.S., this did; and yet one cannot help wondering whether, after its vicissitudes on the permanent way, the—er—appliance was worth recovering? Then we hear of a honeymoon couple who had to stop the train because the bride was choking with the confetti which kind friends had showered upon her in their enthusiasm at seeing the last of her. One fully sympathises with the hardships of brides, who constantly run grave risks of being blinded with rice, stunned with old shoes, smothered alive with rose-leaves and (apparently) choked with confetti; but it is difficult to see how stopping the train would relieve the suffocation. Personally, I think that the bride had made up her mind, at an early stage, to go home to mother.

Then there was a vindictive fellow who pulled the cord by way of protest against a young woman who insisted on smoking in a non-smoking compartment. Evidently he did not mind whether he paid a fine, so long as *she* did; but I wonder whether it worked out like that? All sorts of people, it seems, have all sorts of motives for "improper use"; but it is gratifying to find that there is a fairly large proportion of law-breakers who resort to improper use for the only proper reasons—namely, just for a lark, and because they are told not to. For myself, I should love to do it, just as I should love to knock a policeman's helmet off; but, with the cost of living rising as it is, I think I'll confine myself to less expensive amusements this Christmas.

THE BRISTLEWOODS.

**A dreadful thought occurs to Mr. Bristlewood — Will Mrs. Bristlewood eventually resemble her mother?**

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

# GETTING MARRIED.

MISS DOREEN JOWETT, *daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Jowett, of Toorak, Melbourne, Australia, and 14, St. Augustine's Mansions, Vincent Square, Westminster, is engaged to the Hon. Jestyn Philipps, only son of Viscount and Viscountess St. Davids.*

*The engagement of* MISS ELIZABETH McCONNELL *and* MR. J. C. CHURCH, *Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was recently announced. Both are keen riders to hounds.*

*The engagement of* MISS BERYL PLOWDEN HEASMAN, *daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Heasman, to Mr. P. D. Sheridan Young, R.A., only son of Major and Mrs. Sheridan Young, has been announced.*

MISS KATHERINE FORBES-GORDON, *younger daughter of the late Major A. D. Forbes-Gordon, of Rayne, Aberdeenshire, is engaged to Mr. Robert Sinclair Scott, elder son of Mr. Cedric Sinclair Scott.*

PRINCE BIRABONGSE OF SIAM, *son of the late Prince Bhanurangsri of Siam, is engaged to Miss Ceril Heycock. The Prince, as B. Bira, is well known as a racing motorist.*

*By permission of the King of Siam, given through the Council of Regency, the engagement has been announced between* MISS CERIL HEYCOCK, *only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. P. R. Heycock, and Prince Birabongse of Siam.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

# THE LADY ANNE CAVENDISH - BENTINCK: BRIDESMAID TO LADY ELIZABETH PERCY.

LADY ANNE CAVENDISH - BENTINCK *was chosen as one of the 17 attendants of Lady Elizabeth Percy at her white-and-silver wedding to the Marquess of Clydesdale at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. She is the elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield and granddaughter of the Duke of Portland.*

# SIXTEENSOMES AT THE 17TH ST. ANDREW'S EVE BALL:

Left: LORD FAIRFAX sat next to LADY ATHLUMNEY, who was one of the guests in his wife's party.

MR. and the HON. MRS. JOHN WILLS stopped to chat with MISS JOYCE VERNEY and the MASTER OF ELPHINSTONE. Mrs. Wills and the Master of Elphinstone are children of Lord Elphinstone and niece and nephew of H.M. the Queen.

Left: LADY HOLLENDEN was one of the guests at the Ball. She came with Lord Hollenden.

*Reels were danced at the St. Andrew's Eve Ball organised by the Scottish Women's Hospitals' Memorial Association in aid of the Mothers' and Babies' Annexe, Royal Free Hospital, which was held at Grosvenor House.*

MISS A. MACPHERSON GRANT, LADY (BASIL) BROOKE, MR. DAVID SCRYMGEOUR-WEDDERBURN, and MR. CAMERON YOUNGER are the quartet in this group (l. to r.).

Right: LADY FAIRFAX, joint-chairman with Mrs. Welman, is seen at supper with REAR-ADMIRAL SIR BASIL BROOKE, who was a member of her party.

Below: VISCOUNT ERLEIGH sat next to MISS DIANA BARNATO. He is the son and heir of the Marquess of Reading, and grandson of the great Rufus Isaacs, first Marquess of Reading.

MISS M. D. BURNS *is getting a light from* MR. R. C. MACLEOD, *who wore the kilt.*

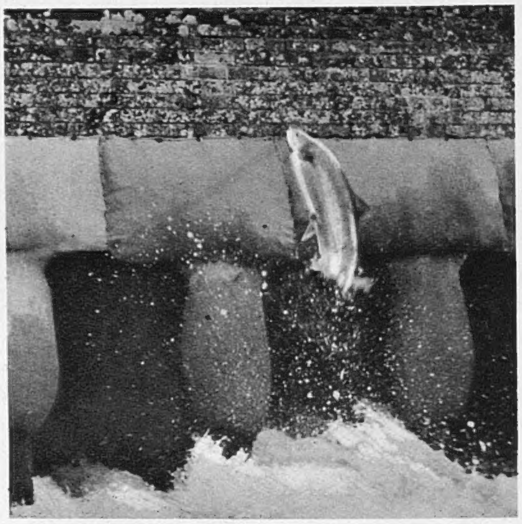
# SCOTTISH SOCIETY GATHERS AT A DANCE IN LONDON.

MR. NOEL SKEFFINGTON-SMITH *and* MISS DIANA GOULD, *daughter of Mrs. Cecil Harcourt, at the Ball.*

*This group of guests at the Ball consists of (starting with the man on the bottom right, nearest the camera; and going round clockwise)* MR. JOHN HAMILTON, MISS MARJORIE CLEMENTS, MR. PERCY MELVILLE, MRS PERCY MELVILLE, MR. J. BURROWS, MISS V. CASE, MR. C. HOME-BOOTH, MISS SHEILA SPIERS-ALEXANDER, MR. TERENCE MILLER, *and* MRS. WATERMAN.

# "WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

SEEING the photographs in *The Sketch* of Nov. 24 of three of the heaviest crevalle, sail-fish, and amber-jack landed off Trinidad, a friend who fished there recently called me on the telephone. He said he was afraid that to describe the waters off Trinidad as a "veritable paradise for anglers and sportsmen after big-game fish" might prove somewhat misleading to readers of *The Sketch*. He was told on good authority that odd sail-fish are to be caught off Tobago, twenty miles north-east of Trinidad, fair numbers of dolphin, and a hard-fighting fish, rather like a kingfish, which, judging by the description, he thought was a wahoo. The fishing is not organised in the manner of American fishing resorts, and consequently there is difficulty in obtaining suitable boats. One keen local angler, who has a good boat, wrote to my friend recently stating that he had heard of big fish having been seen near a rock thirty miles off the east coast of Trinidad, and also that marlin had been hooked, but the tackle was not strong enough to hold them. At present, most of the fish are taken off the coast of Venezuela, not on rod but by trolling deep with phosphor-bronze lines and several pounds of lead. A tremendous lot of crevalle and kingfish are caught, but anything over 20 lb. is considered big. There is also good rod-fishing for tarpon there. As far as Trinidad is concerned, my friend said that the best fishing is for tarpon, in the south-west corner of Trinidad, at Soldier's Rock. Unfortunately, no boats are available, so the visiting angler is debarred unless he knows someone on the oilfields who will put him up and lend him a boat. Local anglers are not greatly interested in tarpon, as they are of no food value. If any angler takes a suitable boat with him to Trinidad, and is prepared to spend a lot of time in locating the fish and experimenting in how to catch them, he is quite likely eventually to obtain very good sport.

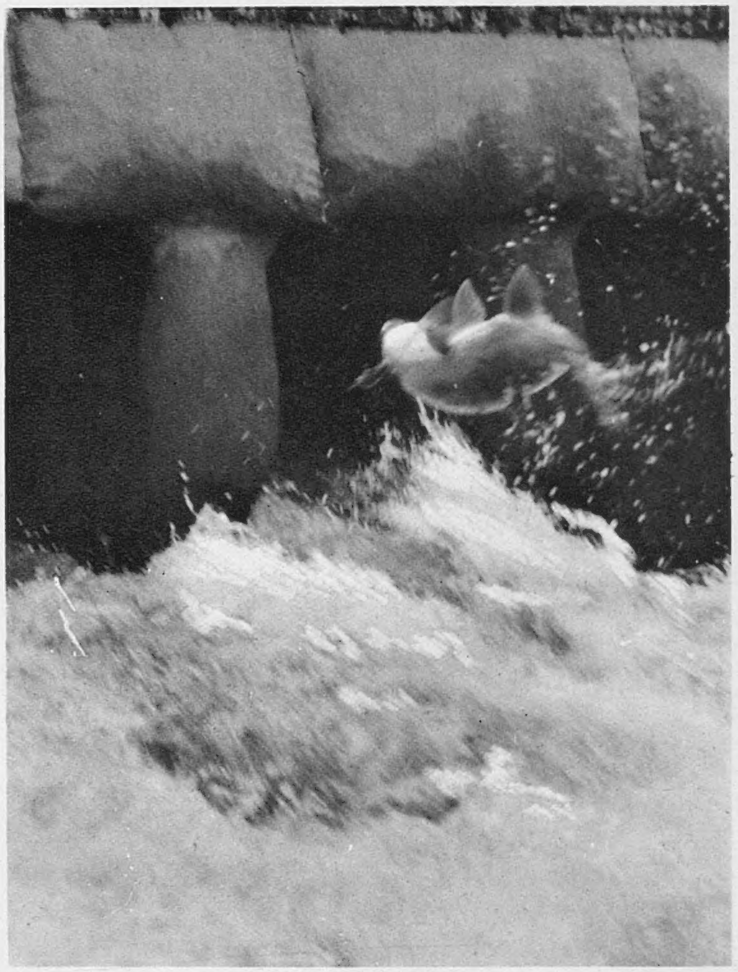


EXCELSIOR! *Here is a fine* HEN SALMON *of about* 30 LB. *leaping high in order to surmount a big fall. The photograph is not a "telephoto" picture, but was taken from a narrow ledge by the fall, where the photographer, Mr. H. E. Towner Coston, had lowered himself by means of a rope.*

**He Hooked a Whale.** Mr. P. L. Pendlebury, Secretary to the Mayor of Cape Town, writes: "Whilst fishing from the rocks near Cape Point (approximately 38 miles from Cape Town), Mr. James Wilson, a member of my angling party, hooked a whale which was about 60 ft. in length. At least thirty people witnessed this amazing happening. The whale, which had probably come into the bay for shelter or to calve, lazily cruised up and down off the rocks, and to the amusement of everyone present, Mr. Wilson, who had been trolling for albacore, jokingly said he was going to try for 'bigger stuff.' He then threw out his line—six-cord Findlayson's with an albacore hook and baited with sea-cat. Everybody on the rocks treated the matter as a huge joke, but suddenly the whale seemed to swerve towards the bait and swallowed it. Mr. Wilson struck hard, and had the whale well and truly hooked. As the line tightened, the whale appeared to feel the hook, for it sounded angrily and headed out to the open sea. When hooked, the whale was about 40 yards out, and it ran out between two and three hundred yards of line. Mr. Wilson's reel was practically empty when the whale rose to the surface, threshing the water and blowing. It was at that moment the line parted—perhaps just as well, or Mr. Wilson might have lost his rod and reel. This story is definitely authentic and is not just another of those fishy tales. The local Press has acclaimed it as the fishing feat of the century. In fact, local anglers thought the matter the biggest joke of the year; yet this occurrence may well be unique. The whale was not hooked across the body, but according to Queensberry rules." This is certainly most interesting, but if I remember rightly the feat of hooking a whale is not unique, as a year or so ago one or two tunny-anglers amused themselves by hooking whales and losing their tackle. I cannot recollect whether they were hooked fair or foul.

**Most Dangerous Fishing in the World.** Few anglers have had greater fishing experience than Mr. Van Campen Heilner. I do not know anyone whose views I would accept more readily than his on the question of which fishing is the most dangerous. In his fascinating book "Salt Water Fishing," he writes from personal experience of practically every kind of fishing practised on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of America, and has illustrated the book with the most remarkable collection of photographs. He has fished in all sorts of dangerous places, and was introduced to what he describes as the most thrilling and dangerous of all by his friend Mr. Otto Scheer. Striped bass fishing on the Atlantic coast, 125 miles east of New York, has been carried on for years by surf-casting from the beach and rocks. Mr. Scheer was not content with the moderate bags resulting from this orthodox fishing, and developed a new technique based on his observations. He let Mr. Heilner into the secret of his success in returning day after day with from two to seven large fish, when other anglers considered themselves lucky if they had one or two.

**Ninety Horse-Power Gamble.** Mr. Scheer had discovered that bass were lying among the rocks inside the surf, and that when disturbed they ran inshore. He designed a special boat about 18 ft. long and 8 ft. beam, powered with a 90-h.p. engine, and protected on the bottom against damage from rocks. Along the cliffs at Montauk Point, mighty Atlantic rollers come surging in over the rocks to crash against the base of the cliff. The *Punkinseed*, as Mr. Scheer named his boat, is in charge of Captain Bill Bassett. Mr. Scheer trolls with about 300 yards of line out, and Bassett edges the boat right in over the rocks, bumping one occasionally while obeying Mr. Scheer's regular order "Squeeze her in a little closer, Bill." All the time they watch out of one eye the big rollers as they come in. If they flatten out, all is well, but directly one makes up and is going to break, the 90-h.p. engine roars full throttle and the *Punkinseed* tears towards the oncoming wave, breaking the crest and drenching its occupants as they escape disaster. Edging in and dashing out, playing hide-and-seek with the rollers, and catching fish at the same time—if you know of any more dangerous fishing, I would like to hear about it. R. L. MARSTON.



FAILURE! *Here the* SALMON IS FALLING BACK—*upside down, with its head towards the camera. Observe the padding placed on the arches to prevent fish from damaging themselves.*

*The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.*

"A MAGNUM IS WHAT DRAWS MEN TO THE NORTH POLE."

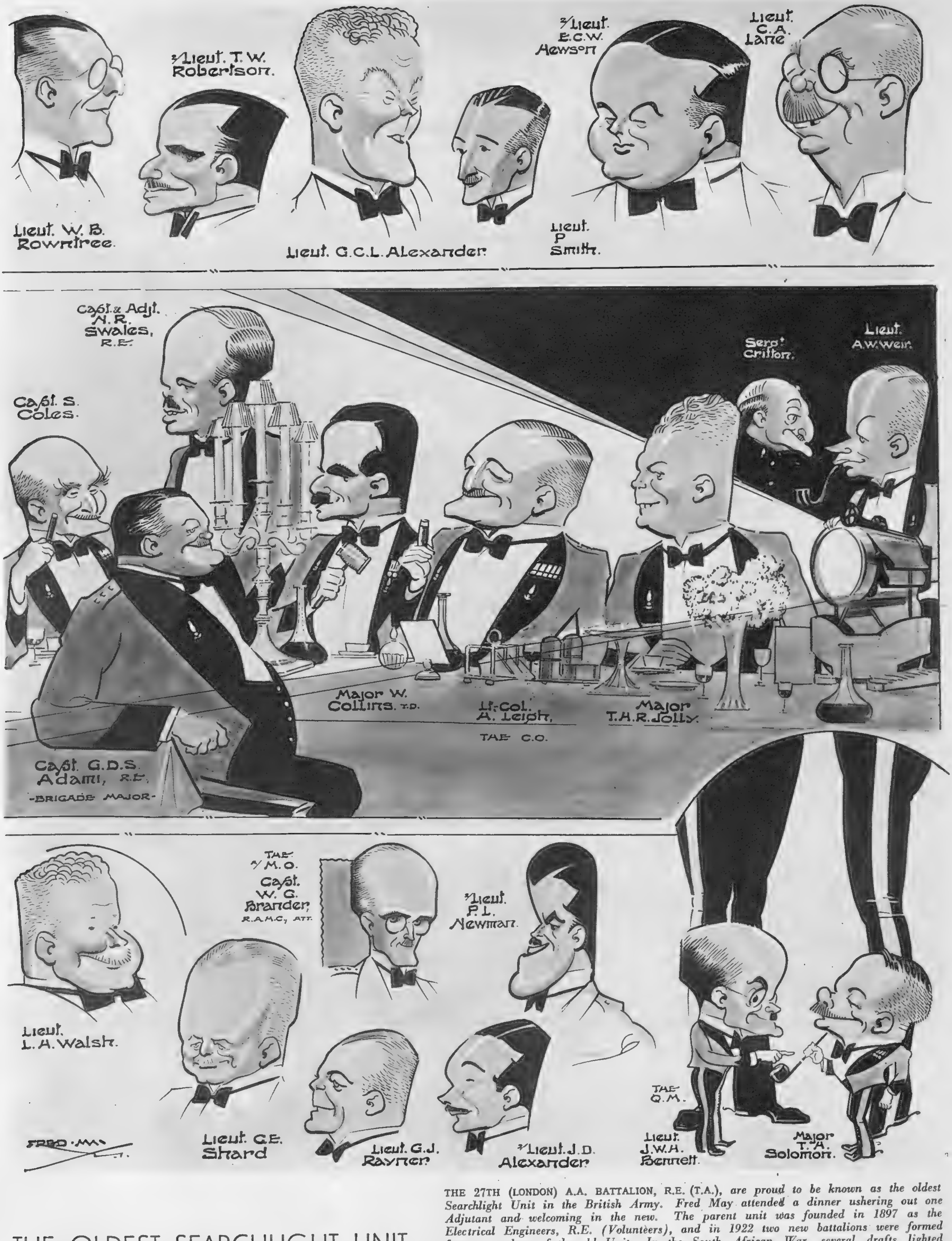
"A MONOLOGUE IS A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE, SUCH AS HUSBAND AND WIFE."

ON this page, we give four genuine "howlers" perpetrated by schoolchildren and specially chosen for illustration by that brilliant draughtsman EDMUND BLAMPIED. They are the first of a series which will, it is hoped, render the winter in England a more cheerful place for our readers! The howlers have been selected from his collection by MR. CECIL HUNT, who has gathered a sufficiency of them in his time to fill many volumes of laughs.

"THE KING'S PARDON IS WHAT YOU APPLY FOR WHEN YOU HAVE TRIPLETS."

"'O.B.E.' SIGNIFIES 'OLD BOY FROM ETON.'"

# SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.




# THE OLDEST SEARCHLIGHT UNIT.

THE 27TH (LONDON) A.A. BATTALION, R.E. (T.A.), *are proud to be known as the oldest Searchlight Unit in the British Army. Fred May attended a dinner ushering out one Adjutant and welcoming in the new. The parent unit was founded in 1897 as the Electrical Engineers, R.E. (Volunteers), and in 1922 two new battalions were formed from a nucleus of the old Unit. In the South African War, several drafts lighted hospitals and other buildings, maintained X-ray apparatus, repaired machinery, etc. During the Great War they undertook anti-aircraft work, and towards the end of 1915 a company (London and Tyne) was formed and sent to France; they lighted mine-galleries, dug-outs, hospitals, etc., pumped trenching, and did X-ray work.*

# WELL MUDDIED-UP AT ETON ON ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

*The* DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH *was at Eton for St. Andrew's Day and is seen with her son, the* EARL OF DALKEITH.

*These "muddied oafs" who have been taking part in the famous Wall Game are (l. to r.)* VISCOUNT EDNAM *and* MR. PARR. *The* EARL OF DUDLEY, *father of Lord Ednam, is on the right.*

*Weather conditions on St. Andrew's Day were unpleasant, but* MISS ELIZABETH WELLESLEY *and* LADY ROSE PAGET *looked happy in spite of the damp.*

MISS PEYTON-JONES, MRS. PEYTON-JONES, *and* MR. PEYTON-JONES *are shown in our snapshot (l. to r.) after the Wall Game.*

MR. R. J. BREWIS *was well plastered with mud after the Wall Game. He is with his mother and sister.*

MISS BLACKETT ORD'S *umbrella matched her polka-dotted scarf. She is chatting to her brother,* MR. H. J. BLACKETT ORD.

*Right:* LADY MELCHETT *and her elder son, the* HON. DEREK MOND, *were photographed during one of the fine intervals of the day.*

# SOCIETY SALESWOMEN AND SHOPPERS IN TO HELP A

MRS. SIMON COMBE *and* MRS. COSMO CRAWLEY *were business-like saleswomen with invoice books.*

*Right:* LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN *and* CAPTAIN "BOBBY" JENKINSON *were snapped at a busy moment. Lady Anne is the younger daughter of the Earl of Bradford.*

MRS. NIGEL GUNNIS *made many purchases, and is seen with a real Christmas armful of parcels.*

MISS BRIDGET SMILEY *(left), daughter of Mrs. Denton Carlisle, with* LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN, *daughter of the Earl of Bradford, helped to decorate the Christmas-tree.*

*Left:* MR. RALPH COBBOLD *tried on socks at the stall run by* MRS. ROYCE TOMKIN, *so as to be sure of getting the right size.*

*The Christmas Toy Fair held at Cowdray Hall, in aid of the new Maternity Wing for the South London Hospital for Women and Children, was a great success.* MISS VERONICA PEARSON *is arranging goods.*

# A GOOD CAUSE: CHRISTMAS MARKETING LONDON HOSPITAL.

MISS SUZANNE DU BOULAY is *making a successful sale to* MISS VIRGINIA GILLIATT *and* LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

VISCOUNTESS HARCOURT *was snapped at one of the stalls taking aim with a toy gun.*

*Left:* *The* COUNTESS OF ELDON *(formerly the Hon. Magdalen Fraser) is seen examining a toy breakdown van, watched by the* HON. MRS. MICHAEL SCOTT *(at back), at the stall run by* MISS MARY BRASSEY *(right).*

*Right:* MISS DIANA HORNBY, MISS ROSAMUND HORNBY, *and* MR. EDWARD HORNBY *found the toy cranes amusing.*

LADY ANNE RHYS *(left) is looking at a model of the "Queen Mary," which is being displayed by* MILDRED LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE.

*The* COUNTESS OF BRECKNOCK *bought a lot of goods, which she carried away herself in parcels and a shopping bag. She is with* LADY KNOLLYS *(right).*

# PORTRAITS BY ORIEL ROSS — COUNTESS POULETT.

MRS. CONSTANT LAMBERT *is the subject of one of the portrait-drawings by* ORIEL ROSS *(Countess Poulett) on view at the Storran Gallery. Mrs. Lambert is the wife of one of our most distinguished musicians, and was Miss Florence Kaye, the film-actress.*

MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS *is the well-known actress who made a hit as Katie O'Shea in the stage-play "Parnell." She is doubling the parts of the wife and of the other woman in "Black Limelight," at the Duke of York's.*

*Left:* MR. ERNEST THESIGER, *the distinguished actor, is among Countess Poulett's sitters. He is also an amateur portrait artist of considerable talent.*

*Right:* MISS ELSA LANCHESTER, *the clever young wife of Charles Laughton, looks as if she were a coiled-up spring in this drawing by Oriel Ross (Countess Poulett).*

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY ORIEL ROSS. ON VIEW AT THE STORRAN GALLERY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTONY ROGER.

ORIEL ROSS —
COUNTESS POULETT—ARTIST.

COUNTESS POULETT *is the wife of the eighth Earl Poulett. Before her marriage in 1935 she was well known on the stage and the screen as the talented Miss Oriel Ross. She has now launched out in a new field of artistic endeavour, for her first one-woman show of portraits is in progress at the Storran Gallery. She has always enjoyed drawing as a recreation, but has never studied seriously. When she was in New York with "This Year of Grace" she began to do portraits.*

# TALES WITH A STING.

# THE FERRET AND THE RAT.

By JAMES M. HENDERSON.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

"IT sounds easy," said the Ferret, and the weak Samuel Wintergreen agreed that it did. They were in the private bar of the Old Thatched Barn, a public house in the Cannish River Road which is noted for its beer. It is also near to a branch of the Westland Bank, wherein Wintergreen worked on six days out of seven, a bank clerk with a flair for backing horses which did their backing at the starting-post. But the Ferret was a criminal, and a genius in his line.

"Tell me again," he said thoughtfully; "I want to get it right."

The bank clerk nodded. He was not only under the other's influence but greatly in his debt, because the Ferret was a bookmaker when not otherwise engaged.

"Ours is a sub-office to Cogden Town branch," explained Wintergreen in carefully lowered tones, "and every Wednesday morning the bullion van calls at Cogden Town for the surplus cash at about twelve o'clock, but it doesn't call on us, so one of us has to take our extra notes along to Cogden Town. That chap Carter I mentioned does it, and he starts at half-past ten."

The Ferret grunted enquiringly, so Wintergreen went on.

"There should be two people with amounts of over a thousand pounds," he said, "but we must always have two men in our office and Cogden Town won't send anyone to meet Carter, so we have to break the rules. Our clerk in charge argues with the manager of Cogden Town about it, but it isn't any use, and there 'll be an awful row about it when it 's found out."

"Yes, there 'll be an awful row about it," acquiesced the cheerful Ferret; "but, getting down to brass tacks, how much will young Carter be carrying to-morrow, do you think?"

"Three thousand pounds," said the bank clerk promptly. "All surplus cash!"

"What do you mean by surplus cash?" was the grinning answer. "Do you mean that they won't worry when we 've knocked it off?"

"No." Wintergreen liked to air such knowledge as he had. "We 're only allowed to keep twenty per cent. of our total liability to our customers on the premises in cash, and once a week we either order money from head office or send money to head office to put that figure right. In our case, though, we have to send money back, because some of the big pubs round here pay-in over the counter but don't draw anything out. That 's why there 's three thousand pounds to-morrow, which is almost a record amount."

"It 'll do nicely," said the Ferret. "So Master Carter comes out of the bank at half-past ten on Wednesday mornings with a bag full of shekels and hops on a bus!"

"No," corrected Wintergreen, "he walks to Cogden Town, although the bank allows him tuppence for his fare there and back."

"Tut, tut! How dishonest of him! But all the better for us. We 'll pick him up at the end of the Prince of Wales's Road and trail him in the car. The rest will be easy, because we can make a quick get-away from there, through there being no traffic to speak of to land us in the ditch."

Wintergreen nodded slowly. "And where do I come in?" he said.

"You owe me fifty quid," replied the Ferret crisply. "I 'll wash that out and give you another nine hundred and fifty quid besides. That 's fair enough, because the lads and me in the car will take all the risk, while you 're safe in the bank; and then there 's the difficulty of getting rid of the stuff."

"Those terms suit me," responded the bank clerk; "but the money is all in currency notes, and as they aren't even in consecutive numbers there 's no chance of our being spotted there."

"Good! That 's settled!" The Ferret drained his glass. "Here, have another drink?"

"Thanks," said Samuel Wintergreen, and the Ferret paid for two.

The Ferret invariably did his fixing in the bar of a public house, reasoning that a low-voiced conversation is unlikely to attract attention above the general roar, apart from the circumstance that many of those present are too fuddled to give heed to anything beyond a rightful supply of drink, a theory he had proved time and time again. To his own satisfaction, and to that of his friends.

On this occasion, however, he had not taken into account the activities of his criminal rival, the Rat, who was leaning against the glass partition of the adjoining bar with an aid-to-deafness device set in his ear. In this fashion the Rat overheard most of what passed between Wintergreen and the Ferret, and was able to guess the rest. Nor is the Ferret open to any excess of blame, in that his enemy was a twisted genius, too. There was little to choose between them, and neither had heard the proverb which denies to the canine race a cannibalistic frame of mind.

The departure of the Ferret and Wintergreen was the signal for the Rat to cease his imitation of a drunken man and leave the Old Thatched Barn himself. And the Rat was in love with life, purposing, as he did, to give the Ferret a little something just to remember him by. He intended to waylay Carter before that gentleman arrived at the end of the Prince of Wales's Road. A simple matter, really, for both he and the Ferret knew the bank clerk by sight.

Next morning saw Wintergreen in considerable suspense—an outlook that Herbert Carter was not inclined to share, for the younger bank clerk was a genial person with no gift for worrying and a habit of humming dance tunes during office hours. He was humming one at the moment, the while he juggled with currency notes and the bank's leather bag. Those of a pound denomination were in sealed bundles of five hundred; those of ten shillings were in packets of £250. Carter's back was to Wintergreen. Carter changed his humming to whistling. Wintergreen grinned.

"Walking to Cogden Town?" he asked.

"You bet!" and Carter turned to wink. "I may be a trifle late, because I 'm leaving my football boots at Dubbin's to be repaired on my way back, so don't get the wind up and think I 've been robbed."

He held up a crude brown-paper parcel, whereat the clerk in charge of the branch and Wintergreen both had to laugh; moreover, Wintergreen was losing his carping feeling of doubt. His natural gambler's optimism had come to his aid.

"Make us a cup of tea before you go," suggested Stone, the clerk in charge.

"Yes, do," seconded Wintergreen. "I 'm as dry as a fish."

This was the normal Wednesday morning ritual. Carter never thought of starting for Cogden Town without making tea, and he was an expert with that beverage—or so he said himself.

It was not a particularly busy branch, and so the three of them were able to sip their tea and eat their biscuits undisturbed, not even interrupted by the type of casual person who has a crossed cheque he can't dispose of and wants to cash it over the counter of a bank. Stone lit a cigarette—a move against the rules—and Wintergreen followed suit. Carter, however, kept the law, because he did not smoke.

"Time I was off," he said presently, "and I shan't be annoyed if you lazy blighters wash the cups up while I 'm gone, but don't do it if it will hurt you. I 'd hate you to strain yourselves!"

His colleagues laughed, and Wintergreen began to marvel at his own coolness, telling himself that he had the makings of a Napoleon of crime. But he did feel faintly the sting of remorse. Carter might be injured, and Carter was almost a pal. However, he did not warn the other of impending peril, but allowed him to move towards the door, permitted him to pass through it and into the street. It would take Carter five minutes to reach the end of the Prince of Wales's Road. Wintergreen commenced to count the seconds in his head.

[Continued on page 496.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER OF VIENNA, GROSVENOR STREET.

AN ARISTOCRATIC PEASANT
FOR THE AUSTRIAN LEGATION BALL.

MISS ELIZABETH WELLESLEY, *daughter of Lord Gerald Wellesley and niece of the Duke of Wellington, is here seen in the Austrian peasant costume of the time of Maria Theresa which she will wear at the Austrian Legation Ball to-morrow, Thursday, December 9. The festivity is in aid of Austrian charities. Tickets are available by invitation only. Fayer of Vienna, who took this fine camera-portrait, will attend the Ball and obtain special photographs of well-known people in their picturesque fancy dresses.*

# WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

CHRISTMAS flurry and hurry began to affect our lives last week. Lists and pencils made even the smartest pochette bags look overstuffed and bulbous, but still we found time to fit in parties, visit art shows, play our rubbers of bridge (so often in a good cause at this time of the year), listen to music, and attend those cosy "all-girls-together" lunch-parties which women thoroughly enjoy, whatever you chaps may believe to the contrary!

"Big stuff" in the way of private entertaining was not ruled out, either, for Baron Franckenstein had one of his musical evenings at the Legation. Guests were bidden to meet the Austrian Finance Minister and the President of the Austrian National Bank, and to listen to Elisabeth Schumann and Lili Kraus.

It was one of the grandest and most enjoyable parties which the Austrian Minister has given for some time. The Duchess of Kent and Queen Victoria Eugénie were present, the latter in black velvet, with bands of bright geranium pink over the shoulders, and the royal guests also included the Princesses Helena Victoria and Marie Louise, the Infanta Maria Cristina, and the Grand Duchess Kyra of Russia, and Lady Carisbrooke and her daughter came too. The seats for the royal visitors were gilt armchairs, each bearing the name of the guest for whom it was intended, and there was, of course, a certain amount of ceremonial when they arrived—curtseying and hand-kissing—while the royal ladies greeted each other with affectionate kisses. I thought the Grand Duchess Kyra of Russia, who has been over here with her father, the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, was looking particularly well in an oyster faille picture frock.

Elisabeth Schumann was as delightful as ever, and I was interested to hear the five songs for soprano and string quartet by Karl Weigl which are dedicated to her and were given their first performance in England. The Brosa String Quartet played the Schubert Quartettsatz admirably, and Lili Kraus is an excellent artist who was heard to grand advantage in the Rhapsody in C major by Dohnanyi. The concert was preceded by a "stag" dinner, to which powerful chaps in the world of finance were invited to meet the Austrian Minister of Finance and the President of the Austrian National Bank.

. . . . .

MISS MARY HALL-CAINE.

MISS RENÉE BURN.

*Miss Susan North (daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley North), Miss M. Hall-Caine (daughter of Mr. G. R. Hall-Caine, M.P.), and Miss Renée Burn (daughter of Mr. Clive Burn) are members of the Young Committee for the Blue Bird Ball, to be held at Claridge's on December 16 in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children. Miss Mollie Sullivan (only daughter of Captain W. P. Sullivan) is the Junior Chairman of the Young Committee for this ball. Lady Bird is the Chairman and the Vice-Chairmen are the Countess of Plymouth, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Johnstone and Lady Capel-Slaughter.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER NORTH.

MISS MOLLIE SULLIVAN.

MISS SUSAN NORTH.

MISS RUTH DRAPER, *the famous* diseuse, *who has not appeared in London since June, 1936, began her three weeks' season at the Vaudeville last week. When this is ended she leaves for an Empire tour and is not expected to return to London for nearly two years.*

The Austrian Legation is a large house, but there were so many guests that the three rooms which adjoin were all filled. It was a very interesting gathering, as in the supper-rooms after the concert there was no formality, and the royal guests mingled with the general company. I saw the Duchess of Kent lifting the order that Lord Sempill wore, in order to examine it. Queen Eugénie was saying she would be in England until Christmas, but was going abroad early in January.

Young Mrs. John Scott-Ellis was one of the most decorative people present, and looked lovely in a thick white brocade dress with a wide hooped skirt and a pointed diamond tiara. Mrs. Ruby Peto and her daughter, Lady Hinchingbrooke, came together and, of course, the diplomatic and the political worlds were well represented. Lady Ludlow, who was looking magnificent in gleaming silver, was talking to Lady Baldwin when I saw her, and I also observed Freda, Lady Forres, Lady Mount Temple in a dress with Grecian leaf-garlands all over it, Lady Elizabeth Paget in blue tulle, and Lady Warrender in a curious brown georgette dress with Chinese lacquered satin straps and her fair hair in the new long, turned-in page-boy's bob, which suits her well. Lady Spencer looked sweet in white and silver, and Lady Abingdon was one of the tallest and most distinguished women present.

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On the same evening there was a good concert at Kent House, lent by Mrs. Noble to the Anglo-German Kameradschaft. "Two fine performers," says my spy, "gave us their best. They were Georg von Harten at the piano and Eugénie Burkhardt, mezzo-soprano, late of the Dresden Opera. She was in fine voice of a mellow quality. The programme included Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Brahms, and Beethoven — the Adagio movement of the Moonlight Sonata being exceptionally beautifully played. I personally most enjoyed von Harten's rendering of Chopin's Ballade in F minor, which raised a round of applause, and Burkhardt's 'Morgenstimmung,' by Chopin. The heroic mural decorations of the long room made a suitable *décor* for an operatic star. Lady Riddell brought a large party, so did Mrs. Greenway; and Miss Fass, the founder of the Kameradschaft was there."

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The party given in connection with the retirement of the Danish Minister was an enjoyable affair. A number of friends had subscribed to a presentation to his Excellency and Countess Ahlefeldt-Laurwig, and T.R.H. Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise handed over the gifts, which were a lovely diamond bow brooch outlined with emeralds for the Countess; and a fine specimen of the suitably-named kind of inkstand known as "an Ambassador's" (though really I believe they should be called "Treasury"!). The ceremony took place at Mrs. Hugh Adams' house in Cadogan Square, and was attended by lots of well-knowns, including Lord and Lady Chatfield, Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton, and Priscilla, Lady Annesley in one of her marvellous red hats. The hostess wore black with a Nattier blue sash, and must surely have had many congratulations on the menu, for the buffet tables were crowded with so many varieties of "finger food" that they closely resembled a display of Danish "schmör-brod."

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The St. Andrew's Eve Ball lived up to its reputation of being a very well arranged and chic "charity hop." Nearly half the men present were wearing the kilt, and the reels were danced with true Scottish go and fire. Lady Fairfax, who was joint ball-chairman with Mrs. Welman, wore a tartan sash across her shoulders. She was Miss Maude Wishart McKelvie, so is Scottish by blood, and Lord Fairfax is a representative peer for Scotland. His ancestor, the first Lord Fairfax, was created a baron of Scotland as Baron Fairfax of Cameron in 1627, although the family originally came from Yorkshire. The third Lord Fairfax was the famous Roundhead general who

subsequently became a zealous supporter of the Restoration. But I am wandering away from the St. Andrew's Eve Ball, at which many well-known Scots were present. I noticed Mrs. John Wills, the married daughter of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, and thought her looking very well in parchment taffeta; and I saw Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart in a very original black-and-silver frock, and Lord and Lady Hollenden, who go to most of the big charity balls and dance indefatigably all the time.

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The fortnight's season of opera in English at Covent Garden arranged by the Imperial League of Opera, opened with dear old "Bohème" *in Italian* (excuse this Irish "bull" as billed!), and royalty in the Royal Box in the persons of T.R.H.'s Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise. Neither wore tiaras and both were dressed in red. The house was packed, and the audience included Lady Alice Mahon and Lady Arthur Browne, as I expect you will have guessed without being told, and Mrs. Washington Singer and Lady St. Just, who are also great supporters of music. I saw Mrs. Keith Newall talking to a woman with a pair of the very newest clips in her hair. They consisted of ruby hearts set with diamonds, which are the latest thing. In fact, if you want to be in the mode you should wear your heart in your hair, and it must be a flaming one of ruby red.

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The art shows this week were varied and entertaining. Oriel Ross (Lady Poulett) has a charming exhibition of her drawings at the Storran Gallery. She is very keen on her "new" art, and this enthusiasm dates from the time when she played in "This Year of Grace" in New York with Noel Coward and did a portrait, which was published. Her portraits and other drawings are all done in sensitive line of lovely quality, both in pencil and ink. There was a Private View, attended by admiring viewers, and the red seal was making itself felt as I came away. Besides the portraits, which include studies of Margaret Rawlings, Ellen Pollock, Richard Norton, Hermione Baddeley, and John Rothenstein, she has still-life subjects, an interior or two, and some landscapes. The Manchester Art Gallery lent the portrait of Baron Robin d'Erlanger which they bought some little time ago, so you can see that Oriel Ross is to be taken seriously. What Manchester thought yesterday, London thinks to-day, in fact!

There were many theatre people at the Private View, including Viola Tree and Iris March, and I also saw Lady Glyn, Mr. Clifford Bax (one of Oriel Ross's sitters), the Epsteins, Lady Lathom, and, of course, Lord Poulett, who was there to support his wife.

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Even his worst enemies cannot accuse Mr. Wyndham Lewis of being inactive. This year he has already three books to his credit—one on philosophical-political themes; a novel; and, just lately, his autobiography, which is entitled "Blasting and Bombardiering" (the first word of the title has reference to his pre-war periodical "Blast," and the second to his war experiences), and now we have a show of drawings and paintings at the Leicester Galleries.

This will be admired by some, and others will dislike it cordially, which is another way of saying that his work is forcible. No fair-minded person can, however, deny his skill as both a colourist and draughtsman. In his preface to the catalogue Wyndham Lewis states: "It is considered by some people that the artist's business is to please. . . . Others believe that it is the function of the artist to translate experience, pleasant and unpleasant. In the latter case, as what we experience in life is not all pleasant, and the most terrible experience even is often the most compelling, the result is a tragic picture, as often as not. Bearing this in mind, one of the main questions to which this exhibition will give rise in the mind of the general public is answered."

The canvas entitled "Inferno" is one of the most interesting in the show, and another, which has all the feeling of the Mediterranean atmosphere is "The Siege of Barcelona," dealing with conflict in Spain of an earlier age. Quite in a different line is the portrait of Miss Margaret Ann Bowes-Lyon.

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*Last week a baby daughter was born to* LADY HIGHAM. *She is the wife of popular Sir Charles Higham.*

MISS SARA ELIZABETH FORBES, *only daughter of his Britannic Majesty's Minister to Peru, is engaged to Mr. Hugh Gile-Thompson.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

MISS LAURA BONHAM-CARTER, *younger daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, is engaged to Mr. J. Grimond.*

PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK.

Hats off to Lady Eleanor Smith for the best of last week's parties. Held in the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, it consisted of most of the beautiful socialites whom Mr. William Acton has painted, taking tea and sherry under their own portraits. To understand his method one should know something about this charming young man. He has spent nearly all his life in Italy. His father, who has a lovely house in Florence, is a noted collector of Primitives, and a close acquaintance with these undoubtedly accounts for the beautiful, sometimes slightly macabre, landscapes which Mr. Acton paints as *décor* to the pedestal-busts of his portraits. His favourite period, however, is that of Watteau, Boucher, and Fragonard, with their rich velvets and ribbon bows, and this strongly influences his work. He has painted witty, beautiful, and talented Italian women, and has now spent a year in London painting English ones for this, his first exhibition. His show, which is outstanding, demonstrates very clearly the change of fashion and manners which James Laver analyses in his "Taste and Fashion." Mr. Acton would be quite delighted to paint forty portraits of the same woman; he can always find something new, something changed, some fresh characteristic.

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Musical occasions of Thursday night were the notable Royal Philharmonic concert, with an all-Sibelius programme admirably conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, which roused a storm of enthusiasm; and a light but royal evening at Covent Garden, when the Queen went to hear "Tales of Hoffmann," in English, with Noel Eadie and Lisa Perli as Olympia and Antonia. Her Majesty looked very well, and acknowledged the thunderous applause on her entry with a characteristically gracious gesture of the hand. Future engagements of our Royal Family include the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Kent to the Midnight Matinée on real ice to-morrow, Dec. 9, at the London Coliseum in aid of the London Fever Hospital.

MARIEGOLD.

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN, *wife of the Foreign Secretary, will receive the guests at the Young Conservatives Union Ball, which is fixed to take place at Grosvenor House on Thursday, December 16.*—[PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER OF VIENNA.]

THIS CAMBRIDGE XV.—FOR BEING CHOSEN TO MEET OXFORD AT TWICKENHAM ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7.

THIS OXFORD XV.—FOR BEING CHOSEN TO MEET CAMBRIDGE AT TWICKENHAM ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7.

MR. A. P. HERBERT, M.P. *(here seen with* MRS. HERBERT; *his granddaughter,* CHARLOTTE ANN PUDNEY; *and his son,* JOHN HERBERT)—FOR WARMING UP THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BY VERSE AND WORSE, WHILE FULMINATING AGAINST THE "NOSEY PARKER" BILL.

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

OUR group of the CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY RUGGER XV. chosen to meet Oxford on December 7 shows (l. to r.; standing, back row) C. L. Newton-Thompson, P. J. C. Bateman-Champain, P. A. R. Lindsay; (standing, middle row) J. A. Macdonald, W. H. Roden, E. L. A. Folker, K. D. Downes, T. R. Parry; (seated), W. B. Young, W. O. Chadwick, J. D. Low (captain), J. G. S. Forrest, F. M. N. Heath, and (on ground) E. D. E. Reed, R. H. Bruce-Lockhart.

MAJOR RALPH RAYNER, M.P. for the Totnes Division of Devon, combines bell-ringing and pigeon-keeping. He has tied to the legs of the birds in his large flock of pigeons at Ashcombe Tower, Dawlish, tiny bells of different tones, and says that this music from the skies is very pretty. He hopes that constituents will not imagine that there are angels about!

MAJOR RALPH RAYNER, M.P.—FOR TURNING PIGEONS INTO BELLRINGERS (NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH ANGELS).

OUR group of the OXFORD UNIVERSITY RUGGER XV. chosen to meet Cambridge on December 7, when H.M. the King hoped to be present, shows (l. to r.; standing) I. H. Watts, F. M. M. Forster, D. G. Coles, P. K. Mayhew, R. G. P. Almond, P. Cooke; (seated) W. N. Renwick, C. T. Bloxham, H. D. Freakes, J. A. Brett (captain), M. M. Walford, Prince A. Obolensky, R. M. Marshall; (on the ground) H. H. Pennington, R. A. Cooper.

MISS JUDY BIRDWOOD, *daughter of the Field-Marshal, and* MISS JANA CLAPHAM, *daughter of a Vice-Provost*—FOR DESIGNING FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ARTS THEATRE AND HANDEL.

MISS JUDY BIRDWOOD, daughter of Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and Lady Birdwood, and Miss Jana Clapham, daughter of the Vice-Provost of King's College, Cambridge, have been designing the *décor* and costumes for the Arts Theatre, Cambridge. Miss Birdwood paints the sets herself. Their most recent work was for Handel's "Susanna."

MR. A. P. HERBERT, novelist, poet and wit, enlivened the House of Commons considerably by the daring and very entertaining speech he made when speaking against the "Nosey Parker" Population (Statistics) Bill. He also declaimed one of his own poems.

MISS MARGERY MARSTON, who has arrived in London to appear in cabaret at Grosvenor House, is fifty per cent. a beauty queen! Last year she was given half the title of "Miss Florida"; the other half being awarded to her twin sister, Marion.

MISS MARGERY MARSTON—FOR BEING HALF A BEAUTY QUEEN.

"A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH."

Air Minister LORD SWINTON believes in national safety first. Called to the Bar 1908; in the Army 1914-17; M.P. for Hendon Division of Middlesex 1918-35; and so on, politically and ministerially, till he took to the air.

CARICATURE BY ERNEST FORBES.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER OF VIENNA, GROSVENOR STREET.

# THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS AND CLYDESDALE.

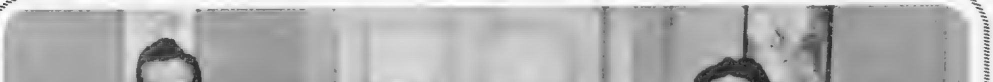
*The marriage of the* MARQUESS OF DOUGLAS AND CLYDESDALE, M.P., *boxer and Mount Everest pilot, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, to* LADY ELIZABETH PERCY, *elder daughter of the late Duke of Northumberland and of the Duchess of Northumberland, and sister of the present holder of the title, unites two great rival Border families, the Douglases and the Percys. The bridegroom wore a kilt of the Douglas tartan.*

LADY ELIZABETH PERCY, elder daughter of the Duchess of Northumberland and of the late Duke, leaving the Palace of Holyroodhouse with her brother, the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, for her wedding.

The retinue of attendants who followed Lady Elizabeth included three pages—LORD NICHOLAS GORDON-LENNOX, BERNARD GORDON-LENNOX, and DOUGLAS MACKINTOSH; and six little girls—SHEENA and VORA MACKINTOSH, JANE DRUMMOND-HAY, DIANA DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, IONA GORDON, and MARY THOMAS. Here they are at tea.

*Left:* The guests were not all drawn from the great aristocratic families. They included 81-year-old MRS. POLLY DONKIN, one of the "cullercoats," or Northumbrian fishwives.

*Right:* SIR HARRY LAUDER, the famous Scottish comedian, and MISS GRETTA LAUDER were also guests.



Here the bridegroom, the MARQUESS OF DOUGLAS AND CLYDESDALE (third from left), is posed with his brothers (l. to r.): LORD DAVID, LORD MALCOLM, and SQUADRON-LEADER LORD NIGEL DOUGLAS-HAMILTON. The last-named was best man.

The DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH was one of the guests. She is here seen with LORD HUGH PERCY, younger brother of the Duke of Northumberland.

# THE MARRIAGE OF A DOUGLAS AND A PERCY IN ST. GILES'S:

LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, LADY ANNE CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, *and* MISS ROSEMARY GROSVENOR *were three of the eight grown-up bridesmaids who attended Lady Elizabeth Percy.*

*The Duchess of Northumberland and the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon held a joint reception at the Assembly Rooms, George Street, at which a very large company of guests assembled. The* MARQUESS OF DOUGLAS AND CLYDESDALE *is watching his bride,* LADY ELIZABETH PERCY, *cut the cake with his dirk.*

MISS BARBARA LAMBTON, *daughter of* CAPTAIN *the* HON. CLAUD LAMBTON, *with whom she is shown, was one of the eight grown-up bridesmaids who attended Lady Elizabeth.*

*The* MARQUESS OF CLYDESDALE, *the* MARCHIONESS OF CLYDESDALE *(formerly Lady Elizabeth Percy), the* DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON *(mother of the bridegroom), and the* DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, *Mistress of the Robes, before the bride and bridegroom left.*

# LORD CLYDESDALE; HIS BRIDE, LADY ELIZABETH; AND GUESTS.

# BEAUTIES AS BUSTS ON ROCKY SHORES:

LADY BRIDGET PARSONS *with an ancient and primitive-looking landscape as a background.*

LADY ELEANOR SMITH, *sister of the Earl of Birkenhead, looking at her own portrait.*

MR. WILLIAM ACTON is an artist who presents his sitters in a most unusual way. There is, indeed, a slight—a very slight—suggestion of surréalism in the unexpected backgrounds which are featured in some of his pictures on view at the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall East. He frequently represents his subjects as busts—but busts posed in such strange surroundings as rocks standing in pools of sea-water on desolate shores, or suspended in mid-air.

*The* COUNTESS OF ROSSE, *sister of Mr. Oliver Messel, in steely white satin with heliotrope drapery against a cerulean sky.*

MRS. JOHN LODGE, *wife of the film-actor, as a bust suspended in mid-air by a ribbon tied to her hair.*

*The* MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA *(formerly Miss Maureen Guinness) as a bust with a calm seascape background.*

MME. LOUISE DE VILMORIN, *the vocalist who accompanies her English, French, Portuguese, Algerian, and Spanish songs on the guitar.*

COMTESSE JAMES DE POURTALÈS *(formerly Mlle. Hélène Violette de Talleyrand-Perigord) in front of an Early Florentine landscape.*

# WILLIAM ACTON'S UNUSUAL PORTRAITS.

MRS. SACHEVERELL SITWELL *(formerly Miss Georgia Doble) posed beside a portrait of herself.*

*Left:*
LADY BRIDGET PARSONS, *sister of the Earl of Rosse, as a bust on a sea-wall.*

*The* DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER *as a bust on a rocky shore. Her Grace was Miss Lœlia Ponsonby.*

LADY LINDSAY HOGG *(Miss Frances Doble, the actress) in a white Spanish mantilla.*

MR. WILLIAM ACTON'S sitters include many of the best-known and most beautiful young women in society. On these pages we reproduce fourteen of the portraits from his first one-man show, which opened last week. It will be noticed that we include two portraits of Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, of Lady Bridget Parsons, and of the Countess of Rosse, to illustrate the fact that Mr. Acton is an artist who is able to paint several portraits of the same sitter without giving an effect of monotony.

*Another study of the* COUNTESS OF ROSSE *as a bust posed on a grass-grown rock standing in the centre of a seaside pool.*

MRS. SACHEVERELL SITWELL *as a bust wearing a fantastical but attractive Marie Stuart style head-dress held in place with pearls.*

MME. DE JANZÉ *with a background of sea. She is herself a painter, especially of architectural subjects; and is noted for her wit.*

*Patsy* (DEANNA DURBIN) *with John Cardwell, her trombonist father* (ADOLPHE MENJOU), *and Michael, the flautist* (MISCHA AUER ; *right*).

*Patsy* (DEANNA DURBIN) *with Michael* (MISCHA AUER), *a member of the out-of-work musicians' orchestra.*

"100 MEN AND A GIRL" *is Universal's new picture, which was due for its gala première at the Leicester Square Theatre last night, December 7. The performance was in aid of the combined voluntary hospitals of London, and H.R.H. the Duke of Kent arranged to attend.* DEANNA DURBIN, *the amazing singing star of fifteen, who made such a sensation in "Three Smart Girls," is with* LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, *the maestro, whom she induces to conduct an orchestra of a hundred unemployed musicians.*

*Right : Patsy* (DEANNA DURBIN) *with* STOKOWSKI, *the maestro whom she has induced to conduct the orchestra of out-of-work musicians at their first concert.*

*Patsy* (DEANNA DURBIN) *with John Cardwell, her father* (ADOLPHE MENJOU), *in a domestic sequence.*

*The flautist* (MISCHA AUER) *and John Cardwell, the trombonist* (ADOLPHE MENJOU), *in one of the musical sequences.*

# "100 MEN AND . . ." 15-YEAR-OLD SINGING STAR DEANNA DURBIN.

*On this page we give "close-ups" illustrating some of the styles of coiffure worn by* DEANNA DURBIN, *the wonderful prima donna of fifteen, whose singing voice and charming personality have put her in the front rank of film-stars. As Patsy, the gallant little heroine of Universal's "100 Men and a Girl," she wears her hair in various styles suited to girls in their teens. The première of the film was due last night, December 7.*

# "MIRACLE-SINGING" DEANNA DURBIN: HER HAIR-DRESSING.

New settings and costumes have been designed by Mr. Derek Hill for the revival of "THE LORD OF BURLEIGH" by the Vic-Wells ballet, due last night, December 7, at Sadler's Wells. In this ballet, devised by Edwin Evans to Mendelssohn music, various Tennysonian characters who do not meet in the poems are "introduced to each other." Edward Grey (WILLIAM CHAPPELL) is in the foreground. Mariana of the Moated Grange (URSULA MORETON), Madeline (JUNE BRAE), and Margaret (MARGOT FONTEYN) are among the dancers.

*The Lord of Burleigh* (ROBERT HELPMANN), *disguised as an artist, meets Lady Clara Vere de Vere* (PEARL ARGYLE).

# "THE LORD OF BURLEIGH."

*Right: Eustace* (RICHARD ELLIS; *left*) *and Edward Morris* (LESLIE EDWARDS; *right*) *with Lady Clara Vere de Vere* (PEARL ARGYLE).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MERLYN SEVERN.

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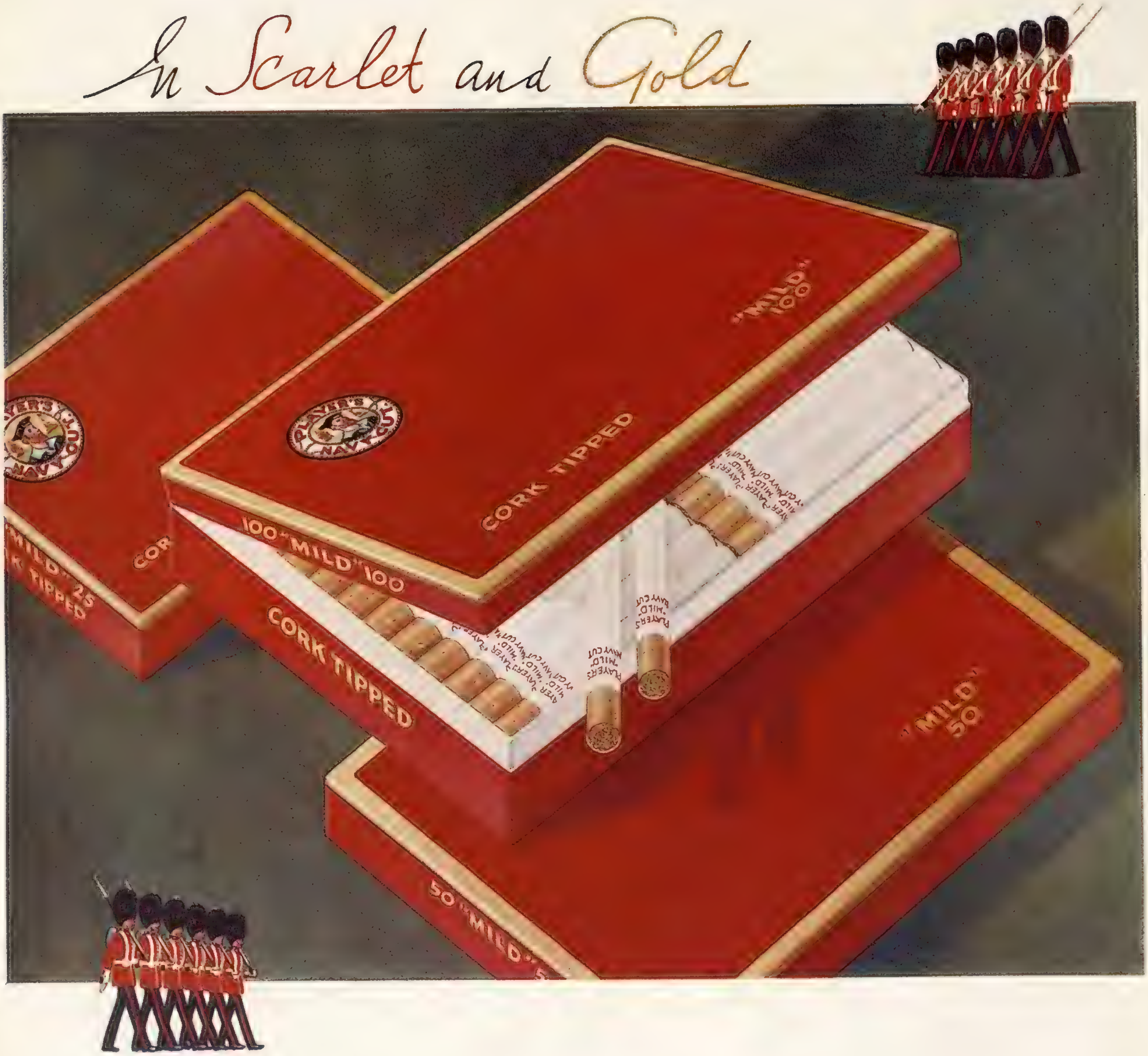


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PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

"BLOODY, BOLD AND RESOLUTE" LAURENCE OLIVIER AS MACBETH.

MR. LAURENCE OLIVIER *gives a stirring performance in* " MACBETH," *at the Old Vic, playing opposite to Miss Judith Anderson as Lady Macbeth. H.M. the Queen attended a special performance in aid of funds for King's College Hospital, and had a tremendously enthusiastic reception on her arrival.*

# CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

## THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY'S third play of the autumn season, "PEOPLE AT SEA," at the Apollo, has a simple and accurate title. Indeed, his people are not only at sea, but doubly so, for they are adrift philosophically as well as oceanically. A half-smashed vessel, floating the tropics and awaiting rescue, with a few relics of passengers and crew on the verge of violent conflict, offers an obvious symbol of contemporary civilisation. Mr. Priestley has on board a philosopher who is writing a book on Reality: paradoxically, the man of reflection becomes also, most opportunely, the man of action. When riot is afoot, he fires off a gun, and he also discharges a certain amount of food for thought. But there is not an oppressive quantity of the latter. And you need not be afraid of being talked at once more about Time.

*Sherriffs' exposition of* "ROBERT'S WIFE," *at the Globe: "A man of God had taken as his second wife a woman greatly skilled in medicine and leechcraft; to each the other was the light of life. And it came to pass that a menial of their household loitered on the primrose path and quickened with a nameless child. — The Rev. Robert Carson* (OWEN NARES), *Sanchia Carson* (EDITH EVANS).

*"Her lover, arrayed in honour, desired her to wife. — Dick Jones* (JOHN BAILEY).

If you want to know the Time, ask a Conway (at the Duchess Theatre). If you want to confirm your notions of Mr. Priestley's chronological ideology (as the learned would say), you can call at the Royalty and hearken to Professor Goertler in J. B. P.'s second Time-Piece, "I Have Been Here Before." At the Apollo you will meet with simpler statements and more familiar presences—the faded film-star who despairs and dopes, the bored author who drinks, the Hairy Ape, arising in wrath from the sailors' quarters, and—a new face—the embittered, class-conscious stewardess, who is ready to become a class-warrior in these strange circumstances. The result is lively, for Mr. Priestley is incapable of dullness. The play was not, I think, conceived or intended as one of his major efforts, and it suffers from the inevitable comparisons with his two other pieces now running. If it had appeared first, it might have seemed more important than it does: as it is, we label it a good, varied, and vital entertainment, and remember chiefly among the acting Mr. Torin Thatcher's and Miss Vivienne Bennett's artistry as the promoters of mutiny.

"THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS," at the Shaftesbury, a play by Mr. W. P. Lipscomb, based on Mr. Arthur Bryant's Life of Samuel Pepys, is a reminder that the Diarist did not spend the whole of his life going gaily to bed. He went also, most industriously, to his desk. It offers a picture of the model Civil Servant, at a time when the Civil Service hardly existed, when the Navy Office was penniless, poverty-stricken, and corrupt, and it points to Pepys as the real founder of the British Navy, since no amount of brilliant fighting or brilliant seamanship can be of much avail if the ships are not properly built and the men not properly fed. The play, of course, introduces Charles II., and since Charles in the theatre is unthinkable without Miss Eleanor Gwyn, she is there too, in the person of Miss Marjorie Mars, flashing her goldilocks very pleasantly, but not adding much to the tale of Pepysian struggle against treachery, jealousy, and malice. Charles soon has a clear idea of Samuel's worth, but the Court is cluttered up with Samuel's enemies, and Lord Shaftesbury (Mr. Henry Oscar) continually hisses his hatred of the King and so of his faithful servant, Pepys of the Navy Office. All comes right in the end. The King and Pepys get their fleet of "ninety sail," and exactly what the fleet did for the taxpayers I forget. Anyway, somebody would have got the taxpayer's money, anyhow, and I am sure they were better off with the ships than with Lord Shaftesbury.

By the end of it, Mr. Pepys has done his job, lost his eyesight, and found his happiness, and nobody could do that with a more persuasive likeability than Mr. Edmund Gwenn, who thus amplifies his previous and delightful picture of Samuel in his hours of ease with a no less fascinating study of Sammy-the-boy-for work. Mr. Barry K. Barnes, as Charles II., arrives on the scene without a spaniel, and with few of the familiar period flourishes: for this I was grateful. Mr. Laurence Irving's scenery makes a lovely setting for an honest piece of historical playmaking which pays just tribute to a great mind and spirit in a little physical frame.

Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's production of "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL," in Mr. John Gielgud's season at the Queen's Theatre, divided criticism sharply, which is certainly proof that it is no formal schoolroom repetition of a too-familiar classic. The pictures reproduced in last week's issue of *The Sketch* seemed to me so powerful an argument for Motley's decoration, that it is hardly necessary for prose to add its plea to that of photography. Still, there are one or two things to be said.

First, that Mr. Gielgud triumphantly takes a new line by playing the hypocritical "man of sentiment," Joseph Surface. Will those who inform us that Mr. Gielgud is only good in the familiar Gielgud parts—*i.e.*, nervous young idealists in heart-break houses—kindly go to the Queen's Theatre and observe the exquisite clarity and icy humour with which he creates the outline of a calculating scamp? Miss Peggy Ashcroft is enchanting as Lady Teazle, while Mr. Quartermaine is strangely mellow as Sir Peter. Mr. Michael Redgrave is short of manner and elegance for Charles Surface, while Miss Athene Seyler and Miss Dorothy Green give exemplary lessons in the mannered style.

And the production? If you dislike invention of new business for old masters, you will dislike Mr. Guthrie's fancy, his playfulness, and his richness of design. But if you feel that "School" can do with a new usher, then here is your man. He touches nothing which he does not enliven. How fresh and vivid are the minor parts! To take only one example, Mr. George Howe's gargoyle of the odious old gossip may be of Rowlandson's period, but the thing is so rich of its kind that it would justify any tampering with dates. So, too, will the delicious portrait of Snake, given by Mr. Alec Guinness, an actor whose versatility continually impresses me.

*"But this errant's mother came to the man of God, and said: 'Nay, for I know this handmaiden for a fool and worthless. My son is not for such an one.' — Mrs. Jones* (MARGARET MOFFAT).

*"And a bishop, wise in his time, answered, saying: 'The child is the chiefest among you. Let the two be wed.' And so it was. — The Bishop of Winterbury* (DAVID HORNE).

*"Now the man of God had a stripling son, wholly given over to violent acts of peace, and to him came an emissary of the law, saying: 'Inasmuch as thou hast tried to stir up treason and dispeace within the body of the mercenaries of our sovereign lord, I am come to take thee where thou mayest run a course against the justice of this kingdom.' And he was taken and lodged in durance.—Bob Carson* (DAVID MARKHAM), *Chief Inspector Lindsey* (E. J. KENNEDY).

# CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

## THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

MISS DEANNA DURBIN, whose feet were planted firmly on the up-grade of fame by "Three Smart Girls," has mounted yet higher, to carry, in "100 MEN AND A GIRL" (Leicester Square Theatre), the burden of a stellar rôle on her young shoulders with the ease of a mature actress and singer. With the director Henry Koster again at the helm, this fully-fledged star, still in her teens, reveals her remarkable gifts in a picture excellently devised for its purpose. It tells the story of a penniless trombone-player's little daughter, who pins her faith to an idle promise and forms an orchestra of unemployed musicians, finally succeeding, against heavy odds, in securing the help of Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. As an actress, Deanna Durbin invests the shrill persistence of a determined child with the enchantment of her youth and humour; as a singer, she controls a pure and flexible voice with adult artistry. Stokowski himself is a pillar of strength, providing the ever-present background of brilliant orchestral music as well as the goal of Deanna's desire. Adolph Menjou and Mischa Auer, as devoted father and friend, bring their experience to the support of the spirited heroine, and Frank Jenks, a taxi-driver with vocal aspirations, has his grand comedy moments.

A French adaptation of Maxim Gorki's famous drama which the late Laurence Irving brought to the English stage in 1903 as "The Lower Depths," has come to the Curzon under the title of "UNDERWORLD." The picture has won high honours for its director, Jean Renoir—honours which his powerful treatment of a sombre theme and a determination to put the cinematic medium to serious use undoubtedly deserve. He makes few, if any, popular concessions, but something of the dark passion of Gorki's plea for the underdog glows through the picture. The dim life of the derelicts in a Russian doss-house, each seeking a personal panacea for his wounds, is pierced by violence, love and death before the thief, Pépel, finding his own escape in a young girl's belief in his better self, emerges with her from the depths. M. Renoir has found opportunity for sharp and effective contrasts in his settings, but in the main the shadows of the doss-house envelop this drama of the submerged in which Jean Gabin—once Pépé le Moko, and now Pépel—Louis Jouvet, Suzy Prim, and Junie Astor head a notably strong company.

Another Continental arrival, this time from Berlin, brings very much lighter luggage with it than "Underworld." "MONICA AND MARTIN" (Berkeley Cinema) tells the story of a feckless young artist who refuses to sell his pictures before they satisfy his own high demands, and leaves the task of satisfying his hunger and his creditors to his pretty little wife. Driven to despair by the exasperating Martin, Monica sells his canvases as hers, until such greatness is thrust upon her that the bubble bursts. The picture marks the entry into film-direction of Wolfgang Liebeneiner, a well-known stage-producer, who reveals an inventive mind in a score of felicitous touches that decorate his Bohemian theme, and keeps a brightly written story moving at a good pace. He is, however, inclined to mistake vehemence for liveliness, and to overcharge a comedy that is actually very slight. A little more restraint in the frequent wrangles between the charming young couple played by Viktor de Kowa and Luise Ulrich would by no means have impaired the humour of their clever characterisations. The quiet key of Heinrich George's art-dealer is not only welcome, but immensely effective in a gay and polished picture.

*"And the people of the city spoke against the man of God's household. Yet his wife pursued her craft, and gained much renown, but little profit. And so—that she might not fail in her good works—she importuned a rich woman, and had promise of much fine gold. But, to many it appeared that this leechcraft ran outwith the Christian boundaries of its usefulness and the murmurings of the people waxed against her, and the rich woman came, saying: 'What must I not do that my good name be saved?' And she gave not."—Mrs. Armitage* (MARGARET SCUDAMORE).

*"And the woman resolved to go out into the public ways and appeal to her fellows. But there came to her a contumacious priest, crying: 'Beware the wrath to come, and take heed that thou doest not this thing lest even I, also, oppose thee.' And her husband was angry and said: 'I will stand with thee.' And he fell upon the Philistines, and smote them, and the bishop looked on him with sorrow, for he had marked him for high preferment."—The Rev. Arthur Jefferson, M.A.* (ROBERT HOLMES).

*"Now the errant's mother came again to them, crying: 'Woe unto you who married my son to prosper the unborn, for the child is perished, and my son's virtue squandered upon a wanton.' And they were as those cast into outer darkness."*

*"And presently a humble worker, diligent in well-doing, approached the wife, and said: 'Grant that I may give from the store of my wealth as much gold as the increase of thy good works makes needful, so that thou mayest relinquish them to hands as able as thine own, and that thou mayest go with thy husband to be his helpmeet and to be by his side.'—Miss Orley* (EDITH SHARPE).

*"And this was wonderful to her, and there was much joy in the man of God's household, and together they increased in grace. Herein it is shown that a woman is not without peer save only as one man's housewife."*

"WALTER WANGER'S VOGUES OF 1938," at the Odeon, is a great, glittering, gaily-painted show that cost a mint of money and looks its value. If you have a taste for a prolonged mannequin parade, interspersed with night-club turns and culminating in a combination of vogues and vaudeville, here is your picture. Lovely women, trailing clouds of glory, or just a wisp or two, shimmering sequins, and priceless pelts, respond to brilliant Technicolor treatment like a peacock's tail to the sun. They are the picture's chief preoccupation, though roller-skate thrills, a first-rate tap-dancer, and frenzied negro rhythm have their impressive moments. There is also a story about a runaway bride whose champion, the owner of a leading dressmaking house, is almost—but, of course, not quite—put out of business by the jilted bridegroom. Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett (the pearl of the fashion parades), with excellent support from Alan Mowbray and Mischa Auer, hold their own gallantly and humorously in a production that comes near to providing a surfeit of splendour.

The new Max Schach-Trafalgar film, "MADEMOISELLE DOCTEUR" (London Pavilion), is a secret-service melodrama, said to be based on an authentic spy-story of the Great War. It traces the career of a little German medical student, a blonde Gretchen, treading the perilous paths of espionage in order to track down the man who killed her fiancé. Authentic or not, her history conforms obligingly to certain classic rules of spy-drama, such as the one that unites two enemy agents in romance, and the other that keeps you guessing as to where the involved action has landed you.

*Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XVIII.*

# "THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS!": THE KING AND THE DIARIST.

MR. BARRY K. BARNES *plays Charles II. in W. P. Lipscomb's historical play* "THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS!", *at the Shaftesbury. For once, Charles is allowed to appear on the stage as a patriot Sovereign, one of the makers of the British Navy, and not as an idler for ever occupied with light women.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.

*Mr. Pepys is played by* EDMUND GWENN, *who contrives to show the serious side of this hard-working Civil Servant as well as his lighter aspect. He is with Mary Skinner* (STELLA BONHEUR).

PHOTOGRAPH BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.

*No play introducing Charles II. could, of course, be produced without a Nell Gwyn! In this instance, the famous beauty is played by lovely red-headed* MISS MARJORIE MARS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY BUCKLEY.

*Another study of* MISS MARJORIE MARS *as Nell Gwyn. The play, however, deals more with political drama than with love-affairs, and presents the thrilling struggle between religious hate, greed, and intolerance and the sea-power of Britain.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY BUCKLEY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.

# PEPYS, SERVANT OF THE NAVY — BY EDMUND GWENN.

EDMUND GWENN'S *performance as the famous diarist in* "THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS!", *by W. P. Lipscomb, the* "*serious play about the Merry Monarch,*" *at the Shaftesbury, is first-class. The basic ideas of the play are, as its author acknowledges, Mr. Arthur Bryant's, and the drama is a thrilling political one, presenting Pepys as the hard-working Civil Servant.*

# FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

PERHAPS it is the restless spirit of the age which demands variety even in the game of golf. But, that the demand does exist was brought home to me by a correspondent who asked if I could tell him of any entirely new form of four-ball game. Foursomes, greensomes, and four-ball matches had apparently lost their charm, and he needed something to relieve the monotony. I had to confess that I did not know of any entirely new form of golf, but I discovered that he had no knowledge of quite half-a-dozen methods of scoring in golf which are in everyday use. It occurred to me that there must be numerous other golfers who would sometimes like to play golf in a different form when I found it necessary to explain even the well-established Stableford system of scoring. This, therefore, is my reason for outlining some of the lesser-known, or at least not usually played, forms of matches which can provide variety without outraging the true spirit of the game of golf.

The Stableford system is, of course, a form of bogey competition, in which all the competitors play from scratch. But to maintain the interest of those taking part, points instead of "holes up" are scored. In this case, a bogey figure at any hole scores two points, one over bogey one point, one under bogey three points, and so on. At the end of the round, the competitor adds a proportion of his handicap—usually one-half—to the total of points scored during the round.

**Contract Golf.**

Now that the game of bridge has taken an important place in the social life of golf clubs, there will, no doubt, be many enthusiasts who would be quite prepared to make up a four on the golf course in "Contract Golf," a game which has had a run of popularity in some parts of America. It is not a form of golf I would strongly recommend for a week-end game on a crowded course. I can imagine the annoyance of other players while the foursome conducts its bidding on the teeing-ground, and the inevitable "inquest" (one of the joys of bridge) on the putting greens. But, relying upon the discretion and the good taste of those who would like to experiment with Contract on the course, I am prepared to risk the wrath of green committees and outline the method of playing. According to the inventor of the system, it was inspired by Ely Culbertson's system of contract bridge. It can be played by any number of golfers, but, for the sake of this illustration, we will take an ordinary four-ball game, with two players opposing two others. The honour of bidding first is usually settled by tossing a coin and at subsequent teeing-grounds the opening bid is taken alternately by either side. Now the fun begins. The first couple estimate the aggregate number of strokes which they will take between them to hole out at the first hole. The opposition may now over-call them by a fewer number of strokes as their estimated aggregate, and the bidding continues until each side is satisfied.

**Aid to Modesty.**

Just as in bridge, a "bid" may be doubled or re-doubled. Points are scored for making contract, and penalties for failing to do so. One point is scored for the contract, three for one below, five for two below, seven for three below, and ten for four below, with the points increased proportionately if the bid is doubled or re-doubled. The penalty for each stroke above contract is a point for every stroke up to ten, but each stroke more than ten over contract penalises the bidders ten strokes. Of course, the bidding can be extremely hazardous in such an uncertain game as golf, but add the "defensive" and "psychic" bid and you will not find it difficult to lose quite a lot of money, even at low stakes, during eighteen holes! What I consider one very instructive point about this game of Contract Golf is its power to make us modest about our own ability, and appreciative of our opponents' skill. Frankly, I do not think this form of golf would ever become popular in this country, and my only excuse for mentioning it is that there is undoubtedly a demand for variety and that games of this kind entail full responsibility for every shot resting upon each of the players taking part. The chief drawback to the ordinary four-ball game is that very frequently one or more of the players has no personal interest in the hole when the match reaches the putting-green. I favour aggregate scoring in four-ballers, when the total scores of both players is combined at each hole. This pulls the best out of every player, even though there may be a big difference in the handicaps of the players taking part.

A kind of match which is seldom played, but which can be very amusing, is the three-ball game. During the week, when attendances at golf clubs are not big, it sometimes happens that a long-handicap player may be unable to get a game, either because he does not like to ask a low-handicap man to play him, or to "spoil" a single arranged between two better golfers than himself. Here is a fine opportunity for a generous gesture on the part of the single-figure men who can make a fine match of a three-baller. Get the long-handicap man to play your *worst* ball on level terms, and you will be surprised at the result; but do not allow it to breed in you an "inferiority" complex.

*The* MISSES PAM *and* MERVYN BARTON *are known to the world as golfers, but they like other sports and pastimes as well as the Royal and Ancient game. Here they are enjoying a morning ride in Richmond Park. Miss Pam Barton, it will be remembered, won the U.S.A. and the British Women's Open Golf Championships in 1936.*

HENRY COTTON, *British Open Golf Champion, has been sitting for his portrait by* MR. J. A. A. BERRIE, *and is here seen beside the nearly completed picture. It was due to be presented to him at the dinner in his honour arranged at the Dorchester on December 4. Cotton, it was recently announced, will shortly take up a £2000-a-year appointment as "consultant" to a London sports goods firm. This will not interfere with his duties as professional to the Ashridge Club, Berkhamsted, or his tournament activities.*

*The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated* **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

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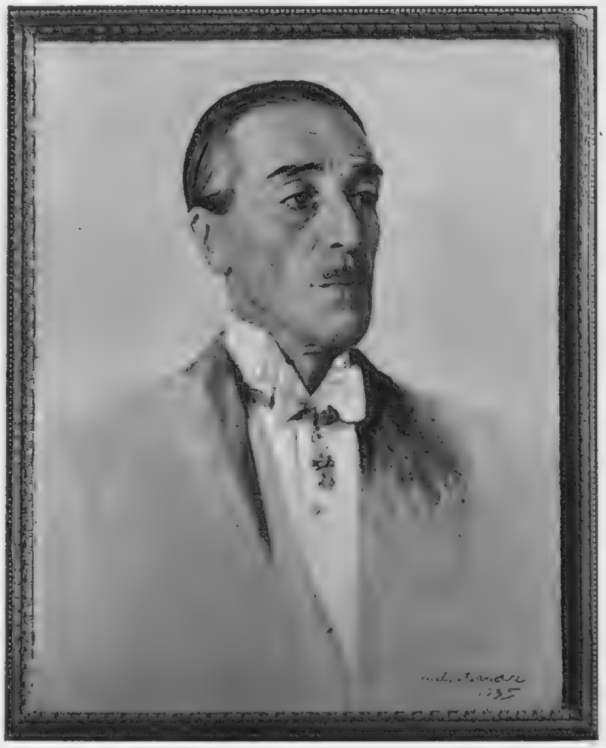
# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

PEPITA was the daughter of Catalina Ortega. Her putative father, Pedro Duran, a barber of Malaga, had died before Miss Sackville-West's story begins, and her mother was living, "apparently matrimonially," with Manuel Lopez, a shoemaker of the same town. He also practised the callings of charcoal-burner, bandit, and smuggler. He never went through the form of marriage with Catalina; as their washerwoman put it, "After Manuel and Catalina had fallen in love with each other, Manuel took up his abode in her house." The same casualness about seeking legal and ecclesiastical sanction for affairs of the heart was later to be characteristic of Pepita; but there seems to be no doubt (in spite of the erased and rewritten entry in the parish register) that she was well and truly married to Juan Antonio della Oliva.

But this is anticipating. In 1849 Catalina and Manuel Lopez were in Madrid, arranging for Pepita to have lessons in dancing. Her gypsy blood gave her a talent for the art, but it was not a talent of the highest order and was never more than grudgingly recognised in Spain. Her face was her fortune. "It was a face divine," said a labourer who had seen her in the vineyards, and it carried her to success in Austria and Germany and Paris. It also explains how she came to be Miss Sackville-West's grandmother.



*The* DUKE OF ALBA AND BERWICK *was recently nominated by General Franco to represent Nationalist Spain in London. His Grace, who is well known in this country, is a Royal Stuart, as he is descended from James II. and Arabella Churchill, through their son, the first Duke of Berwick, the great Marshal of France. He is here seen as represented in a miniature by Rudolf Sternad.*

### A Romantic Story.

This is a romantic story, made more romantic by circumstances and, above all, by the disparity in the fortunes of the chief actors. Pepita's origins we know; unless the legend of Catalina's noble lover, the Duke of Osuna, can be credited, they were of the humblest. Lionel Sackville-West was the fifth son of the fifth Lord De La Warr; later he was to succeed his uncle as second Lord Sackville. He had been brought up in one of the stately homes of England, Buckhurst, and was to inherit another still statelier, Knole. When he met Pepita he was an attaché in the Diplomatic Service at Stuttgart. Sir Frederick Arthur introduced her to him in Paris, "not as a fast woman, but as an artiste and a lady and a danseuse," and they became lovers at once.

"She first suggested this condition of things to me," he said, and it was a condition that lasted, with one or two serious interruptions, till her death nearly nineteen years later.

It was not long before money began to pour into the Manuel-Catalina *ménage*. Pepita's mother attributed the influx to Prince Metternich, or the Prince of Bavaria or the Emperor of Germany (in 1855 a non-existent potentate); all were suggested as her daughter's lovers, but it was years before she knew her benefactor's real identity. Meanwhile, the household at Albolote waxed proud and fat; its picturesque extravagance, its unashamed ostentation, provide the author with some of her most effective passages. And for contrast we have the joint life of Pepita and her lover, extravagant, too, for Sackville-West took houses for her wherever they went, but not at all ostentatious—

> It has always seemed very strange to me [writes Miss Sackville-West] that the Foreign Office (and in Victorian days, too) should have turned so blind an eye towards the private life of their First Secretary.

The Secretary felt, however, that this convenient blindness must not be put to too severe a test. He never introduced Pepita to the wives of his *chers collègues*; she might only accompany him a few steps on the way to the Embassy.

### Pepita's Daughter.

This retired and anomalous upbringing no doubt accounts in some measure for the eccentricities of Victoria, Pepita's daughter and the mother of Miss Sackville-West. Victoria is the heroine of the second part of the story. From the moment when she was launched, from the moment when Lady Derby, her aunt, prevailed against the Duchess of Bedford, another aunt, to get her and her sisters received into London society—or, rather, into Washington society, for it was there she made her début—she never looked back. Her beauty, her vitality, and her charm carried all before them. In America her admirers were endless. She was voted by ballot "the nicest girl in Washington" and presented with a pearl necklace worth three thousand pounds—surely one of the handsomest prizes ever awarded to mere niceness. And for years the most glittering windfalls continued to drop into her lap. Marrying her cousin, afterwards the third Lord Sackville, she became mistress of Knole—and all that that implied. Then she had a further stroke of good fortune. Sir John Murray Scott had declined one vast inheritance—the Wallace Collection—but he remained an extremely rich man, with a houseful of treasures in Paris. To these treasures he now added another, more valued than they, Victoria Sackville. "Seery," as she and her husband affectionately called him, spent much of his time in their company, at Knole or in Scotland. Most amiable, most generous of men, he left Lady Sackville, in token of their friendship, all his spoils in Paris and a huge sum of money.

### The "Writs Hotel."

There followed the famous lawsuit in which she scored so heavily off that brilliant young barrister, the future Lord Birkenhead. Indeed, she was always engaged in litigation, and once, when nine suits were outstanding, she rechristened her house the "Writs Hotel." Alas! as her youth faded her eccentricity and her quarrelsomeness gained in strength. Her economies were as remarkable as her extravagance. She wrote her letters (or some of them) on lavatory paper, but she invested and lost sixty thousand pounds in a gold-mine recommended by a stranger in the train. Her touchiness was phenomenal. Doubtless the war (which she regarded as an attack on her personal convenience) increased her irritability, just as it shortened her husband's exemplary patience. Her grievance against him must be one of the flimsiest in the history of human relationships, but she stuck to it; she never went back. Lonely and complaining, she dissipated her fortune, her energies, her immense capacities for pleasing and being pleased, in a great, gaunt house in Brighton—

DONNA MARIA DEL ROSARIO CAYETANA, MARQUESA DE SAN VICENTE DEL BARCO, *is the only daughter of the Duke of Alba and Berwick, and is here seen wearing the Royal Stuart Tartan, to which she is entitled by reason of her descent from James II. She was born in Madrid in 1926; and her mother, the beautiful Duchess of Alba and Berwick, died in 1934. Our photograph is from a miniature by Rudolf Sternad.*

[*Continued on page* XII.

# Snow Elegance

To a world of snowy whiteness — to the blue skies and bracing airs of Alpine solitudes! But, before you set out, a word of warning. If you are anxious to enjoy your ski-ing holiday from start to finish — to avoid a first few days of aching, overstrained muscles — you should pay a visit to the Elizabeth Arden Exercise Salon at least three weeks before your departure, there to take Elizabeth Arden's specially devised limbering exercises and practise on her new ski-ing machine. This course enables you to reach the slopes already in perfect training—your muscles firm, your whole system prepared for enjoyment.

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EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

Vivacious Brunette.

UP and up sweeps our hair this winter, revealing the serene beauty of unruffled brows, lifting the lines of the face, accenting the graceful carriage of the head. Up and up—but in so many different ways. See how cleverly Truefitt and Hill interpret fashion from the point of view of the individual. How they follow the general line, but in a way that is all their own, bringing out, subtly but surely, the charm of the personality of the woman whose hair they are dressing.

They have given the blonde girl an aloof loveliness by brushing her hair lightly upwards from the brow, softening the line by a flat-rolled curl which extends below the ear. The hair is quite short at the back, and is very much tapered. The brunette, with her moderately long thick hair, has strong curls, and for her they have created a coiffure that keeps well and looks attractive either in town or in the country.

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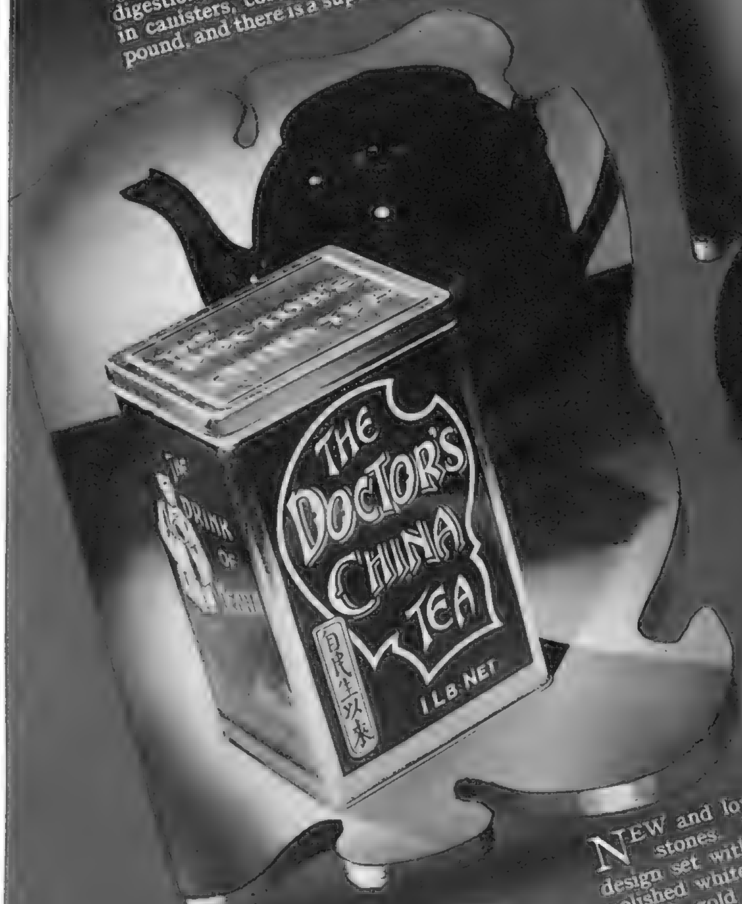
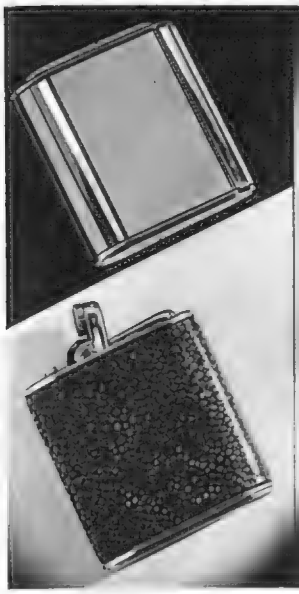


NEW and lovely jewellery in gold and precious stones. First a brooch in a delicate scroll design set with diamonds and backed with highly polished white gold. Price £75. Next to it a clip in red gold set with diamonds and sapphires. Price £32. Underneath, a similar clip. Price £41. And a scarf-clip in dull-finished and white gold, set with diamonds. Price £47 10s. From Hunt and Roskell, 25, Old Bond Street, W.1.

A PULL-ON velour hat trimmed with fancy stitching and petersham ribbon. It costs 35s. at Henry Heath, of 105, Oxford Street, W., and is made in excellent colours. The Angora scarf costs 5s. 6d., and they have coats in all types of tweed from 5 guineas.

GIVE a Bronnley Gift Set. The large one, holding two tablets of Turtle Oil Bath Soap and eight Bath Cubes, costs 4s. The second, also with Soap and Bath Cubes, costs 6s. 6d. And the man's set has English Fern Talcum Powder and a Shaving Stick. Price 5s. 6d.

# Present Indicative



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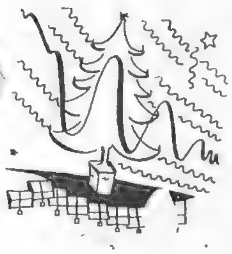

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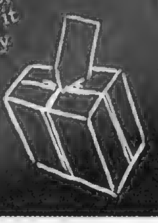
A "LADYE JAYNE" Slumber Helmet is a practical but charming gift. You can get them in Presentation Boxes with transparent sliding lids, or in a new Glida bag with a patent slide fastener. This costs 2s. 6d., and the Presentation Boxes range from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 11d.

"LAROLA" protects and creates lovely skins. It cleanses and revitalises, and costs 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Used in conjunction with "Larola" Soap, their powder and their delicate Rose Bloom Rouge, it brings to everybody a look of glowing health and vitality.



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# MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

ROADS.

THERE are indications that the roads of Great Britain (or the lack of them) are becoming front-page news. We are hearing more and more about the subject, which is all to the good, the latest cheering symptoms being contained in the preliminary report issued by a deputation that recently visited Germany to study conditions in that country.

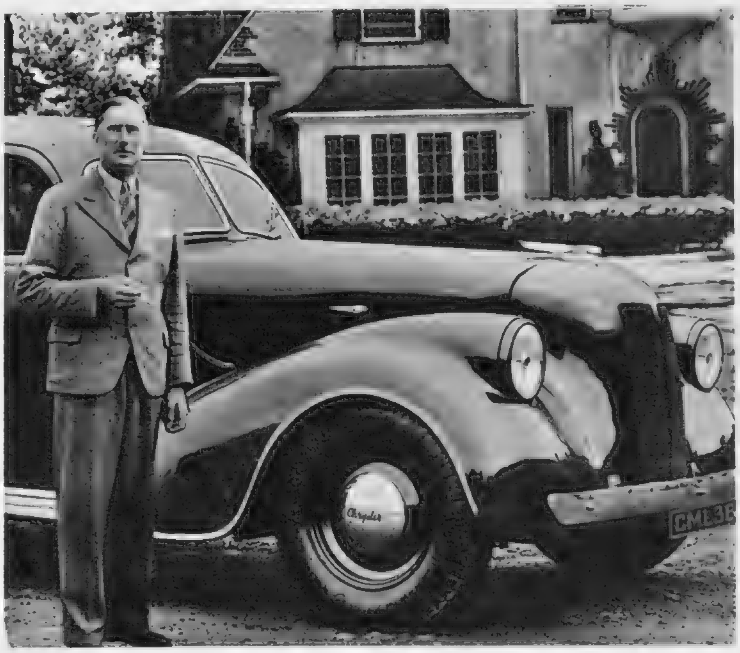
The Minister of Transport took an early opportunity after his appointment to make an aerial survey of our trunk routes. Many of us felt that he would have learned his subject more surely, even if a little brusquely, by driving himself one hundred miles in each direction out of London on four consecutive Sundays. But to be fair, let us admit that from the air one can study roads and cover a whole lot of "ground" in a very short time. As a result of his investigations, I am sure that Mr. Burgin is more receptive to the suggestions of the delegation just returned than he would have been in the earlier stages of his ministerial deliberations. His public utterances have so far been of a guarded nature and it is unfortunate that some of his critics have interpreted a certain indefiniteness that appears to surround his opinions as an expression of half-heartedness or, at best, a failure to react fully to what his hearers may want. Mr. Burgin may prefer to think first and act after he has learned enough.

To return to the subject of the latest and first report from the two hundred or so Members of Parliament, borough surveyors, road engineers and others who have just returned from an intensive study of German motor roads, we find that they are unanimously in favour of a similar system being put into operation here. The delegation has taken into account the very material differences between traffic conditions and road requirements in Germany and in England. They have studied costs of construction, land values, the difficulties of acquisition and other matters that vitally affect the problem, and as a result of all this, I repeat that they are one and all in favour of a similar road-system for Great Britain.

Two or three years ago I was a member of a privileged party of motoring correspondents who were the guests of the German Government at the Berlin Motor Show. We were taken along the new German motor roads of which that country is justly proud. We learned a great deal and it is pleasant to know that an exchange of visits has been going on with increasing zealousness ever since. Road engineers from other countries have been equally keen to learn our methods and compare them with their own, and it is as well to remember that anyone experienced in the roads of European countries, and even in America and Canada, will agree that we have a remarkably fine set of roadways at home superior, on points, at least, to those of any other nation. Our conditions are such as to make the subject more difficult, and our roads were made to fit conditions that called for them several hundred years ago. Many of our competitors have left their building until more recent years, with the opportunity to avoid the mistakes that we unwittingly made in the first instance.

Road accidents in seemingly enormous quantity will always exist so long as mileage is covered. A lot can be done to minimise the risks, and to achieve this end the various types of traffic must be segregated, and this is probably the most outstanding feature of the German and Italian motor roads. They are reserved for motor traffic, in the one case by compulsion and in the other by the charging of a toll fee that makes it unlikely that the pedestrian or cyclist will avail himself of the route when the more normal type of highway is free to him.

It does not follow that all the findings of the report will take effect. We can at least hope that those in authority will not have wasted the time of their advisors, whose constitution is sufficiently comprehensive to allay any criticisms as to the sanity of the recommendations. There have been so many attempts to deal with road problems, and this latest report is by far the most meritorious achievement of recent years. To have come to conclusions which a deputation of over two hundred responsible men put forward as a unanimous verdict, is to table a document of enormous weight. It will be a hard job for a Ministry to take a course that is distinctly contrary to the recommendations, and whilst economic contingencies will naturally take their toll upon the progressive steps that should follow the report, we may at least hope that we are now set upon the right lines, even if progress is slow.



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*The* HOOPER SPORTS LIMOUSINE, *with a sunshine roof, in our photograph is fitted to the latest type* 25-30-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS. *It is painted black, with a green picking-out line, and trimmed with green leather and green cloth.*

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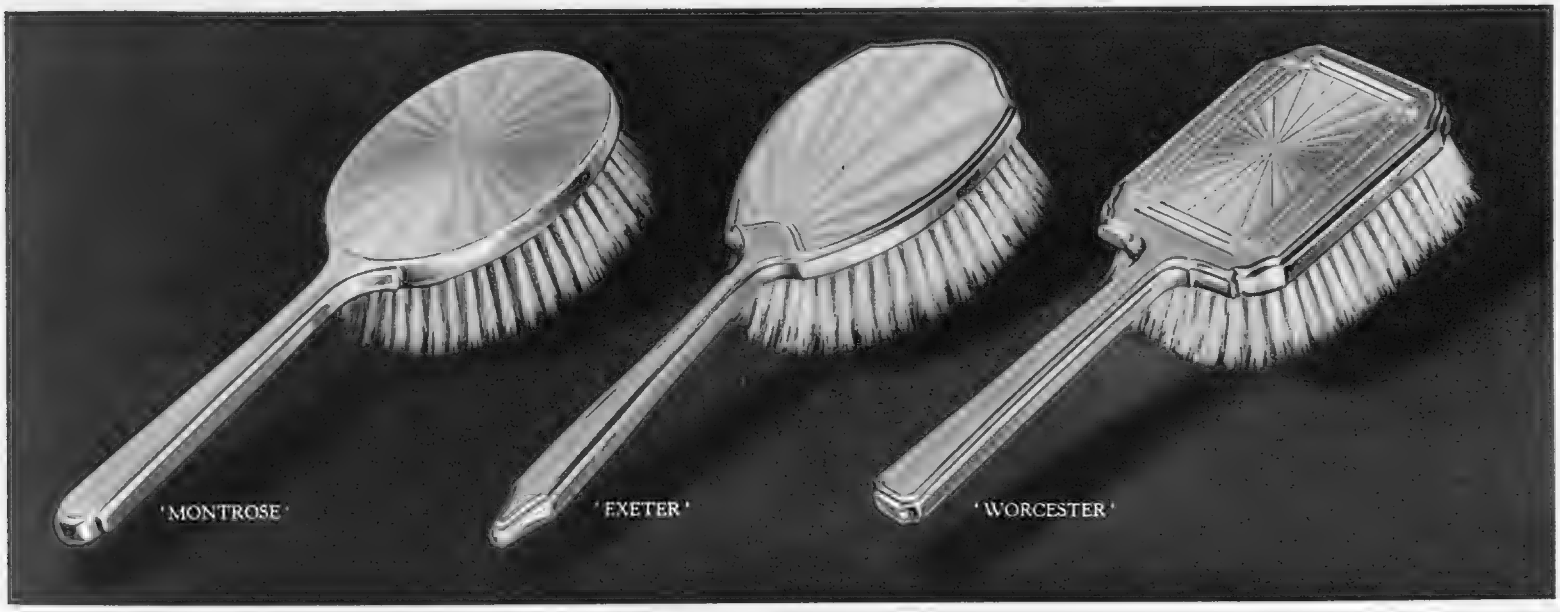


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# CITY NOTES.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"I CAN'T see your name down here," said Our Stroller, scanning the subscription list on one of the Stock Exchange walls.

"Can't you?" replied his broker. "Possibly that is because my name doesn't happen to be there. If you ask me, I think those unlucky Chinese are very lucky to get as much as—let's see what it comes to."

He roughly added it up, and "I think it's a bit under three thousand pounds," he calculated. "As it happened, the appeal was made to the House by the Lord Mayor a week or two before the slump in prices came. A fortnight later, and I doubt whether even half of that would have been subscribed."

"How much did you make out of the slump? Speculating, I mean."

"What an inquisitive cuss you are! I never met anybody who asks such intimate questions."

"Haven't you? I've come across lots. You must have done jolly well out of that bit of a crash."

"I didn't, as a matter of fact."

"But the chances you had! I wish I had been in the House on one of the really flat days, instead of this afternoon."

"I wish you had, because then you would understand why we didn't all get wealthy in an hour."

"The prices, though!"

"Yes, they looked pretty cheap a couple of days later. There was plenty of scope for profit-snatching."

"Then why did you hesitate?"

"Confound the fellow! Has he no delicacy of feeling? If you insist upon knowing, the reason why I didn't help myself was because I already saw such a depreciation on my previous holdings, that I simply hadn't the pluck to buy anything else."

"Oh, I see. Just want of courage, eh?"

"And fear of further losses. I can tell you, when things are really flat, they look like going right through the floor."

"According to all you theorists, that's the very time to buy."

"Can't be done. Not when you're in the thick of Stock Exchange markets."

"Too many trees for you to see the wood?"

"That's about it. One doesn't realise, at that particular moment, how rapidly everything can change. And so we look on, and do nothing. Now, listen to that!" He edged Our Stroller a few paces nearer to the Oil Market.

One of the dealers was offering Mexican Eagles at the top of his voice. To all appearance, his very existence depended upon getting rid of the shares. A number of his fellow-members stood watching him. Nothing happened. He didn't sell a share. Then he stopped.

Our Stroller turned away. "Poor chap!" said he. "But it makes one feel uneasy. Do you think he knows anything against the Company? How about my own five hundred shares? Ought I to let them go?"

"Wait a minute," said the broker. "Don't go just yet."

The dealer who had been offering the shares withdrew from the middle of the market. The House clocks struck three.

From a few yards off another jobber started to bid for the shares. At first, threepence under the previous price. He raised his voice by half a tone and his price by three-farthings.

Nothing happened.

The buyer dashed into the middle of the market, and in two successive bids, lustily delivered, offered to give for Eagles the price at which the previous jobber had tried to sell them. The buyer was now making noise enough for it to be heard across the House.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Our Stroller. "He makes me feel I ought to buy Eagles, rather than sell them. What does he know? Don't you think I might have a few more to average my others?"

The broker laughed.

"Now," said he, "you've had an object-lesson. I rather wish some of our other clients could see the same sort of thing. The first man made you feel you wanted to sell——"

"I went all funny inside."

"—And then you heard another chap trying to buy, and you changed your mind completely."

"My inside seemed to turn right over. But didn't the seller supply the buyer with the shares?"

"I didn't notice. Probably neither of them dealt; or, if they did, it may have been in a hundred shares or so. What I wanted you to feel was the different effects that the look of the market produced, at two different moments, upon your mind. See?"

"Yes, I do see. It's funny what a difference the look of the market can make in—what was it?—a couple of minutes at most. Rather extraordinary, I call it."

"To us in here, it is no more than what goes on constantly every day. You can see for yourself how difficult it is for us to keep a proper perspective, especially in the speculative markets."

"What do you think of Mexican and Canadian Eagles? As a gamble, say."

"Not too bad, but if you play about in those shares, you are at the mercy of all sorts of rumours, reports, and gossip. The trouble is to sort out the true from the false. To do that is beyond me. I lose money every time I touch Eagle shares."

"Same here," remarked a dealer in them. "I'm awfully unlucky. What I make over Eagles by jobbing, I lose when I take a view. The only safe thing to do is to buy them when they're flat, and turn them out when they go good."

"How can you tell when they're either good or flat?"

"That's the crux of the question. We could very soon pack up the old carpet-bag, and shake the City dust from our feet if we were able to answer it with any degree of certainty."

"What would you do with yourself if you retired?"

"Oh, heaps. Golf, carpentry, reading. Not but what I think we shall see good business in the House during 'Thirty-eight."

"That's what we always say. I've never yet started a New Year but what people came beforehand and said it will be the best one ever."

"Why shouldn't they? You would have precious few thanks for the Jeremiah who prophesied evil. Even Home Railway stocks may have a run in the New Year."

"Great Western ordinary will probably get four per cent. for 1937. Almost certain to, I should say. And Brum should pay $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The market is going for a bit on Berwick Second preference, too, and the stock looks cheap to me."

"Most Home Rails do, but people aren't very keen on the stocks, you know."

Another broker said he would prefer to take a risk and buy Argentine Rails. "Not that you are likely to get any dividend on the ordinary stocks for years and years."

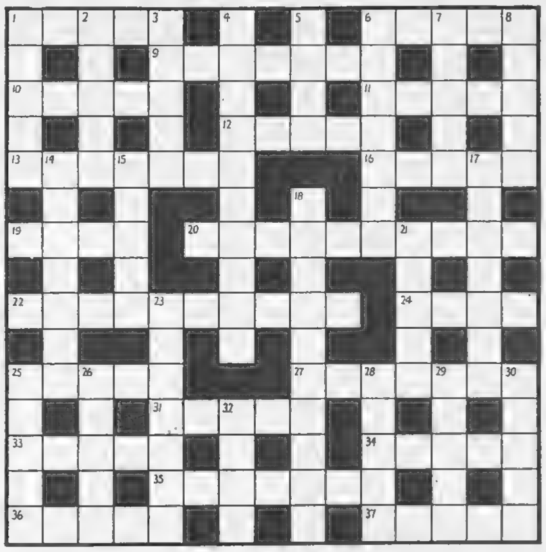
"If then. You gamble on the rate of exchange when you put away things like these. Personally, I'd rather have my own country's railway stocks, wouldn't you?"

"I think I would. Yet some of the Americans look tempting to me. New York Central, or Great Northern preferred. Must be very cheap at to-day's prices."

"They tell me," Our Stroller overheard a jobber say, "that the Prudential put half a million pounds into Industrials on those two days when everything was so flat. Did you hear that, too?"

[*Continued overleaf.*

## OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



**ACROSS.**

1. If such a bridge collapsed, would they build a fifth? (5).
6. If a successful publican finds his bar valuable, what about this one? (5).
9. A feature in that case decides the kind of ware (7).
10. All the world loves one, it's said (5).
11. Follower of the flag? (5).
12. Does this European habitually vegetate? (5).
13. Rope-makers (7).
16. There are three in 27 (5).
19. This fairy had scope in the trenches (4).
20. Start with this and you start unhampered; a midnight road-washer does, viewed in another way (2 words, 5 and 5).
22. Tar I notice involved in one form of entertainment (10).
24. Expression that is none too pleasant to prisoners (4).
25. Foreign-born in a British Railway. Nasty expression? (5).
27. State that seems mostly on the gaudy side (7).
31. If in China it will make an expensive coat (5).
33. Might be cheap—but is it in this country? (5).
34. Follow (5).
35. Books (7).
36. Good winding-up dances (5).
37. Bring to bear, but do the keepers do it to themselves in tropical heat? (5).

**DOWN.**

1. You can see them more clearly in the dark (5).
2. Its owner has not pegged out (5).
3. Wants more than a super man to change the course of the Rhone (5).
4. Variety of bale straps outside the doctor's door (2 words, 5 and 5).
5. Hose altered to fit here (4).
6. To all these is virtually not addressed to nomads (7).
7. May occasion a grin, but actually this kind of food contains a lot of water (5).
8. Sometimes replace feet (5).
14. If found in ether, that's where it is (7).
15. Me? I was miles away at the time (5).
17. Ten deer went in (7).
18. Disguise (10).
21. Not yet (5).
23. Ancient Lights? (7).
25. Change in a purse (5).
26. Escape by sophistry (5).
28. No thin time for these sort of folk! (5).
29. The offspring is a girl (5).
30. Stave off (5).
32. This composer in time gone by appeared in Shakespeare (4).

# This England . . .

Sedgemoor—Somerset

THE countless lovers of Lorna Doone will remember how John Ridd was confused upon Sedgemoor, and between dyke and darkness ne'er found the battle. Macaulay, writing of that same pitiful combat notes: "It is by no means unusual to find farmers who cultivate the same lands which their ancestors cultivated when the Plantagenets reigned. The Somersetshire traditions are, therefore, of no small value to an historian." But this is surely true of all Englishmen, whether they stay in one place or wander the earth: they carry tradition with them. Is it not, at bottom, the tradition of great English brewing (so instantly appreciated) that has made of Worthington a national beverage, where once it was the benison of but a few thousands in the Midlands?

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PINAUD

PARIS LONDON NEW YORK


*Continued.*]
"I didn't hear the amount mentioned, but it 's not altogether unlikely. Some of the other insurance companies must have been big buyers, besides the Pru. It was a marvellous chance for them to pick up good stuff at reasonable figures. They always have plenty of money for investment."

"Now if you or I want to buy any decent amount of stuff, we must sell something else to pay for it. Either that or borrow the money. And what we sell has probably gone down with the stock we want to buy. So what 's the good of the fall to you and me?"

"Not an awful lot, it 's true. But nowadays money goes further than it did. I mean that you can buy more shares with the same amount of money; if you follow me."

"Your meaning 's plain, however muddled your expression of it is. The near future ought to show——"

Our Stroller found himself carried away by a steady stream that set towards the Kaffir Market. There was nothing special going on: it just happened that a score or so of men were drifting in that direction.

"As I see it," he caught, "the snag in these South African developers is the time they must take to reach the production stage."

"Implying the expenditure of huge sums of money first?"

"That 's it. And, if a company doesn't happen to strike it rich, that concern will have wasted a pot of money to prove that it 's got nothing worth having."

"The money isn't laid out until engineers' reports show the property has a fair chance of turning out well."

"I know. But the South African developing mines require such huge sums to be spent on them that dividend payments must be years off in a number of cases."

"It paid all right to spend the necessary money on mines like Geduld, Sub Nigel and many others."

"That 's where the glamour of gambling in gold comes in. Not many prizes compared with promises—except, perhaps, on the Rand."

Our Stroller thought to himself that he could give the names of failures even on the Rand. He was on the point of saying so, when he caught sight of an enquiring glance from a Stock Exchange waiter.

Very prudently, he decided to put Safety First.

*Friday, Dec. 3, 1937.*

## THE FERRET AND THE RAT.

(*Continued from page 460*)

Before he could count twenty, however, he heard an uproar outside the branch—an uproar comprising shouts, screams, the shrill of a policeman's whistle, and the noise of a powerful car. Scurrying footsteps thudded on the pavement. Wintergreen sprang down from his stool to race from the bank, with Stone at his side. Sitting on the doorstep was Carter, his broken glasses at his feet and a badly dented bowler hat aslant on his head. A policeman was stooping anxiously over him, and a crowd had gathered round.

"What has happened?" questioned Stone.

"Smash-and-grab raid," returned the officer. "Two fellows knocked this gentleman over and escaped in a car. They took the bag he was carrying. Do you know what was in it, Sir?"

"Three thousand pounds," responded Stone. "My God, what a mess!"

"Phew!" came from the constable, and the spectators murmured excitedly among themselves. And Wintergreen was puzzled. This was not the end of the Prince of Wales's Road. Had the Ferret changed his plans?

He was not to learn until later on that the Ferret was at that moment waiting fruitlessly at the appointed place; nor was he to know that the Rat had executed an almost perfect *coup*. The Rat had forestalled his rival, but the Rat had his limitations, as was shortly to be revealed.

Animatedly, Stone discussed with the constable the prospect of catching the thieves; then he thought of the unfortunate Carter, and said, "Are you badly hurt, old chap?"

"No, they were very gentle for gangsters"—Carter rose to his feet—"and they haven't got the money, because I 've got it here."

"Haven't got the money?" Stone, the constable, and some of the crowd echoed Carter's words.

"The bag 's an advertisement that I 'm carrying valuables," Carter chuckled, "so I usually carry the money in my pocket and use the bag as a blind. But there was too much of it to-day, so I wrapped it in that brown-paper parcel instead of my football boots."

"Then it 's all right," said the constable dazedly, as Carter handed the brown-paper parcel to Stone.

"No, it isn't all right," rejoined Carter. "Those blighters have bashed my best hat in, taken the bag, and gone off with my football boots!"

[THE END.]

# Gowns For The Small Lady . . . .

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**JANICE.** Small Woman's Evening Gown, in fancy taffeta figured gold, trimmed shoulders and waist with two toned net. In good range of colours and stocked in four sizes. Made in our own workrooms. Price 5½ gns.

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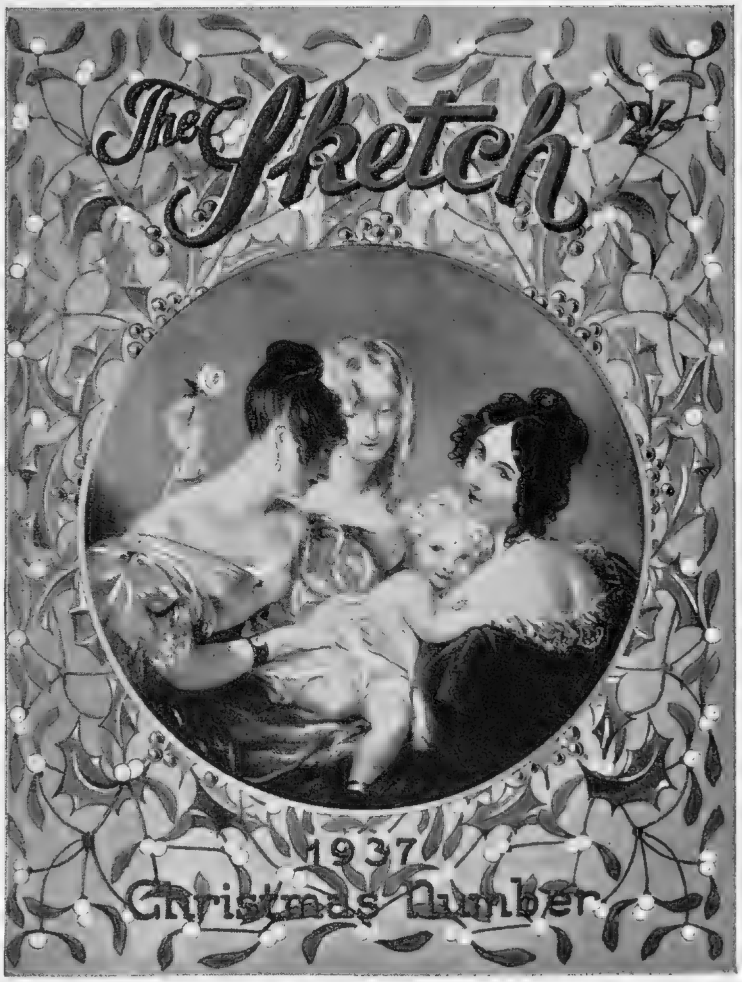
# THE SKETCH
## Christmas Number




***The delightful contents include:***

"The Story of Christmas Pantomime" written and illustrated in Colour, by Muriel A. Broderick.
A double page in colour, full of Winter atmosphere, of a coaching subject by Lionel Edwards.
Some more FRUITY FABLES by G. E. Studdy.
Those who like their history salted with wit in a modern manner will appreciate A. H. Harris's two pages in colour.
One of the finest items in this number are the pages in colour of drawings from the peerless, lively brush of Thomas Rowlandson. Matching our plates are reproductions in colour of the portraits of Jessie Matthews by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A., and Jane Baxter by W. G. de Glehn, R.A., from the Royal Academy 1937. With coloured borders.
Frank Reynolds contributes amusing drawings showing the effect of "parlour-music" upon its listeners in four periods of history. There are two charming pages of Dogs by Mac and Lucy Dawson. Those who have forgotten J. E Broome's witty personal attitude towards the golf ball and its flight from the club-head will be able to renew their acquaintance in three excellent pages in colour. A. K. Macdonald has drawn two pages in colour of the exquisitely delicate girls' figures we know so well. Besides this, there are MANY PAGES IN COLOUR, by some of our best-known artists.

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MERLE OBERON by Gerald Brockhurst, A.R.A.
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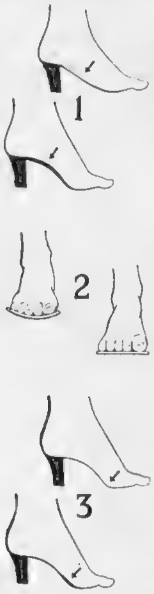
## THE THREE CARDINAL FEATURES

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Colds and influenza are caused by bacteria entering the system through the nose and throat. It is a fact that the blood stream is in itself an antiseptic. capable of killing germs; but when germs are present in more than normal quantities, assistance is required in the form of stronger antiseptics than Nature provides.

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Christmas means JOY to every child, but to these BLIND CHILDREN possibly more than most.

No Candles on their tree! but they can feel the branches laden with toys and enjoy the fun of shouting their discoveries, blowing trumpets, and making every kind of noise that toymakers can devise.

## *What courage!*

Send a gift NOW—not only for the tree, but to help them make their lives worth living. They will need special training for a suitable trade or profession, expert guidance and kindly help.

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His Grace The

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*The sum total of our knowledge of cancer, its causes and treatment, grows almost hourly. Research goes on and on, until one day, please God, the fight against humanity's silent terror will have been settled decisively.*

***Please send a Special Christmas Gift to the Treasurer***

# The Royal Cancer Hospital

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## FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT-LIST.

THE relief of distress in East-Central London goes on constantly, and is specially active during the winter, when the Field Lane Institution, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1, gives parcels of groceries, clothing and coal. Many helped by this organisation are destitute, and on Christmas Day some 800 to 1000 men and women are served with roast beef and plum pudding. If you will join in this work, which also includes provision of treats and toys for slum children, write to William Wilkes, Esq., Secretary of the Institution.

For over thirty years, mainly voluntary workers of the "John Pounds Mission" have carried out a campaign of benevolence in Stepney. Last Christmas, over 1,200 parcels of Christmas foods were sent out; and hundreds of gifts were presented. Nearly 600 women were entertained to a dinner and concert, and early in the New Year 2,500 meals were provided for children. Send a gift to help make Stepney happy at Christmas! R.S.V.P. "Bill and Lizzie," John Pounds Mission, 24, Wellesley St., Stepney, E.1.

Mr. A. Chester Beatty, Vice-President of the Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), has purchased the adjacent Freemason's Hospital, Fulham Road, in order to present the building to rehouse the Royal Cancer Hospital Research Institute. Further help is needed to carry on the work of treating patients, and to maintain the many special departments, such as the Radiological and the Pathological Departments. Send your donation to the Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W.3.

The National Institute for the Blind begs for your help this Christmas. Its work includes teaching children "how to be blind" at Sunshine House. At the age of five they attend one of the State special schools for the blind. Those who show talents are encouraged to work for a suitable profession, and to help them the National Institute has a Students' Braille library. Special homes are also maintained for the aged and convalescent blind.

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At this season parcels of groceries, clothing and toys, and tons of coal for fireless grates, will be distributed among hundreds of poverty-stricken families and there will be treats for crowds of slum and back street children.

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This great and useful Institution is now in pressing need of funds, in order that its assistance may be spread over as large a number of beneficiaries as possible. The extent of its usefulness may be gathered from the fact that it distributes no less than £48,000 a year amongst over 2,000 recipients, aged printers and widows, orphan children and almshouse residents. At the forthcoming election over 500 necessitous candidates, both men and women, are seeking its help, all of them deserving because during their working life they subscribed to the funds, a principle of thrift which should commend the work to the generous consideration of everyone who believes in helping those who help themselves. No eligible Orphan of a subscribing Printer has ever been refused assistance.

**500 Guineas creates a pension which can be named after the donor, a most suitable method of perpetuating a name or a memory.**

*Contributions gratefully received and further information gladly given by the Secretary.*

Such wide activities call for a deep purse. Send your contribution to the Secretary General, 224-6-8, Great Portland Street, W.1.

Everyone has heard of Miss Betty Baxter, the "Silver Lady," whose work for the "down-and-outs" began nine years ago; but few realise that over 80,000 free meals and 36,000 bed-and-breakfast tickets were given by her organisation this year. Her coffee-stall goes out at midnight Tuesdays and Thursdays. Her offices are 6, Tudor Street, E.C.4, and donations are accepted there.

The Church Army's programme of Christmas activities includes the keeping of the festive season in C.A. homes for motherless children, in the sanatorium, in the Junior Alexandra Club, by the Better Britain Brigade, and at St. Monica's Home, Croydon. At Sunset Homes and Anchorage Homes, old people will be given a happy Christmas, and hampers and fuel for fireless grates are sent out in large numbers. Send your contribution to Prebendary Carlile, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

The main object of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is that every child in the land shall live a happy life, and in fifty-three years it has maintained it successfully on behalf of nearly 5,000,000 ill-treated youngsters. This national work needs your help. The director, Wm. J. Elliott, Esq., O.B.E., will acknowledge all gifts sent to him at the Society's offices, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

Dr. Barnardo's "family" of 8,200 children need Christmas gifts. The festive season will be spent in hospital cots by some, but Barnardo's will see that each of their family, well or sick, rejoices during the Children's Festival. Send your cheque or postal order to Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

The Heart Hospital at West Wickham is appealing for funds for the endowment of "Peter Rabbit" beds for children with curable heart disease. The home is maintained by the Invalid Children's Aid Association, who will be grateful for any donations. Funds are helped by the sale of Christmas cards specially designed by Miss Beatrice Potter. Write for them from the Hon. Sec., the Hon. Angela Baring, Itchen Stoke Manor, Alresford, Hants.

Dr. BARNARDO'S *Homes*

once again earnestly appeal for CHRISTMAS GIFTS towards the feeding, clothing, housing, educating and training of their great family of

8,200 DESTITUTE BOYS and GIRLS.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS of

**10/-**

would be very acceptable.

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Send Donations, Toys, Clothes or anything to :—

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Over 80,000 Free Meals and 36,000 Bed and Breakfast tickets given this year.
Please help by sending a Xmas Gift of money to MISS BETTY BAXTER :
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THEIR NAME

*but NOT their love*

The laughter of children dies when parents, unmindful of their trust, become neglectful and (unbelievable yet true) frequently brutal to their off-spring. Such little ones know more of blows than of love. The N.S.P.C.C. through its 270 "Children's Men," by persuasion rather than prosecution, every year helps many thousands of children to happier lives.

**Please help this great work with a Christmas gift** to William J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

N·S·P·C·C

ALL IS CHANGED

In this home there was little hope of any Christmas celebration, beyond last year's tinsel and a few sweets for the children.

But now all is changed. They are on the Church Army Parcel List, which means that Christmas for them will indeed be Christmas.

The Church Army hopes that thousands of other needy homes will have Christmas Parcels . . . but only your help can fulfil this hope.

**£5** would mean ten parcels. Ten parcels would mean a Happy Christmas for ten families. Please send a gift to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

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BRUSH SET, real enamel on silver deposit. With hair and cloth brushes, mirror and comb. In various colours. 63/-

MAYFAIR BAG. Calf, chromium frame, deep suede yoke, silk lined, divided inner half white kid lined. 21/-

SHAVING COMPANION. Zipp fastening pigskin case with military brush, etc. Ideal for travelling. 63/-

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## Christmas again—and "HOLLY LEAVES" Brighter and Finer than ever

*Christmas Number of The SPORTING and DRAMATIC*

- "Her First Breath of War"—An Incident in the Battle of the Falkland Islands *from the painting by Arthur Briscoe, R.I.*
- "D'ye Ken John Peel" *painted by A. L. Grace*
- "The Squire" *from the painting by Ben Marshall*
- "Grenville and the 'Revenge'—The Fight" *by W. R. S. Stott*
- "Grenville and the 'Revenge'—The Surrender" *by W. R. S. Stott*
- "Simon Danz," A Dutch Picture *by E. G. Oakdale*
- "Old Nol and the Highwayman" *by Lionel Edwards, R.I.*
- "The House of Cards" *from the painting by G. B. O'Neill*
- "The Proof of the Pudding" *painted by A. L. Grace*
- "Rembrandt in the Studio of Gabriel Metsu" *from the painting by the late Herman Tembate*
- "The Watchet Sailor" *verses and drawings by H. M. Brock*
- "The Twa Corbies," An Old Scottish Ballad—*water colour drawing by Scott Langley*
- "The Poacher" *from the painting by Petrus van Schendel*
- "Reflections" *by Webster Murray*
- "The Abominable Snowman" *by Reginald Cleaver*
- "A Trim Little Craft, Sir!" *drawn by Scott Orr*
- "Learner's Repose" *by G. E. Studdy*
- "In Praise of Ale" *17th-Century verses illustrated by J. Turner*
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- "Coaches in the Snow," from two old prints.

Separate Coloured Plate: "TWO POINTS OF VIEW" *by A. L. Grace*

STORIES

- "The Suspicious House" *by Marjorie Bowen*
- "Paradise Ahoy!" *by Anthony Gibbs*
- "About Claire" *by 'Potter of Portland Place'*
- "The Boar's Head and Others" *by S. van Abbe, R.B.A.*

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Photo: Lynn Acutt (Pty.) Ltd., Durban

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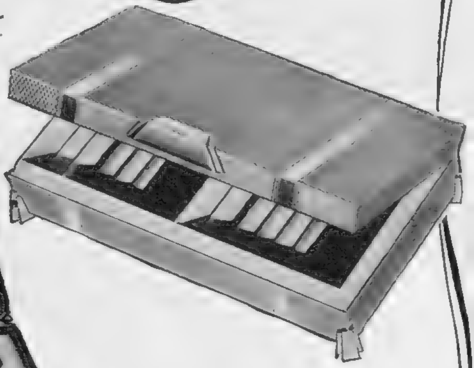

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SPECIAL
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FREE! Gracie Fields' booklet "The Art of Entertaining" containing delightful cocktail recipes sent on request.
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16 days from 25 gns.
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T.S.S. "VOLTAIRE."
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Diamond Ring. £75 . 0 . 0

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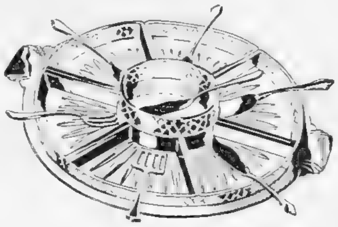
Aquamarine and Diamond Earrings. Per pair £13 . 0 . 0

Diamond Necklet £37 . 10 . 0

Blue Zircon and Diamond Brooch. £27 . 10 . 0

Diamond and Platinum Watch. £37 . 10 . 0

Sterling Silver-mounted Celery Glass. Height 5¾ inches. £1 . 1 . 0



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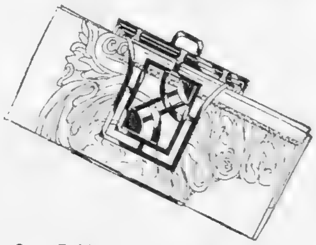

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Evening Bag in Black Antelope with marcasite mount, fitted inner division. Length 6½ inches.
Complete £5 . 5 . 0
with marcasite initials £7 . 7 . 0

Sterling Silver Tankard with Ivory tusk handle.
Capacity 1 pint ... £5 . 5 . 0
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## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from page 484.)

Gifts had been showered on her: beauty and charm and energy, abounding vitality, courage, determination; just the little more, and she would have been truly Napoleonic. But the bad fairy ordained that she should fritter everything away. He spoke wisely who compared her to a powerful dynamo generating nothing. There was no driving belt attached to her whirling wheels. The force was there, but no result from the force. In politics, social work or philanthropy, she might have been a real figure. . . . But such things held no interest for her.

This is Miss Sackville-West's summary of her mother's character, and it certainly fits the facts as laid bare in this fascinating biography. When great qualities are recognised, defects almost equally great can be admitted without prejudicing the final effect of the portrait. Miss Sackville-West has discharged her pious task with love, with frankness—which is the better part of discretion—and with an unfailing sense of proportion by which to measure the disproportion that marked her mother's every mood and act.

*The* DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE *(right) opened the Dogs' Bazaar in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, in aid of the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Vivisection. Our group shows her Grace with the* COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON *(left) and* LEONORA COUNTESS OF TANKERVILLE *(centre) at one of the stalls.*

"Pinkney's Garden."

In many novels the sea has been the villain of the piece. It has engulfed countless heroes and not a few heroines. But these victims have usually challenged its might in the most obvious manner: they have gone down to it in ships. In "Pinkney's Garden" the sea is also the enemy, but with this difference: here it exerts its disastrous force outside its proper sphere, and claims its prey on dry land. Or what had been for many centuries dry land. To Tom Pinkney the house and garden of his ancestors was a cherished possession: he would not believe that the sea, from which it was only separated by a wall, would one day overrun it, and he inspired his wife with his own confidence. That confidence cost him his life; and Mary, left with a family of children to support, must have been sorely tempted to take what her friends assured her was the prudent course and give the garden up. For many years she paid the price of her obstinacy. Instead of the sea being at the bottom of her garden, her garden was at the bottom of the sea; instead of profiting by its fruit and vegetables, she had to make a living as a dressmaker and deny her son the advantages he craved. In the end, the sacrifices she made were justified; but, while admiring her pluck, we tend to forget that, since she had no direct revelation from Heaven, there was something unreasonable as well as fine in her obstinacy. Mr. Bell has made her a sympathetic character, however, and surrounded her with a host of neighbours, great and small, to try her resolution or confirm it; and his period, the middle years of last century, seems specially suitable to this story of a battle won by waiting.

[Continued overleaf.


# Gifts by REVELATION

Model R.140—20″ in Leather Fabric **82/6**

R.150, in real Morocco Leather, £6

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**WITH CHIC-PAK LUXURY FITTINGS**

—for powders, creams and lotions—non-spill tops in a rich shade of ivory, all mounted on a *lift-out* stand. This exquisite light-weight Revelation (in Navy or Nigger) has of course that well-known Revelation feature of easy closing and expansion for after-thoughts.

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Built to last — light in weight — ultra smart. It adjusts itself always—to the exact size you want, whether for a week-end, week or month.

All Revelations in Leather or Vulcanised Fibre are

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Rawhide, from 117/6; Cowhide, from 80/- Vulcanised Fibre, 40/- ; Fibre, from 10/6

Model R.21—24 ins. Choice Cowhide **115/-**

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*The Travel Wardrobe hardly larger than a hatbox.*

**12 DRESSES FOLDED and PACKED IN 3 MINUTES**

all folded in one operation into a case hardly larger than a hatbox . . . without a scrap of tissue paper and with no pressing out afterwards. A miracle of efficiency and simplicity.

Vulcanised Fibre, **63/-** ; Fabric, bound leather, **75/-** ; Same for 10 dresses with lingerie tray, **90/-** ; Cowhide, **£6-15-0**; Rawhide, **£8-5-0.** Size is 23 x 19 x 9 ins.

**AT ALL STORES & LUGGAGE DEALERS**

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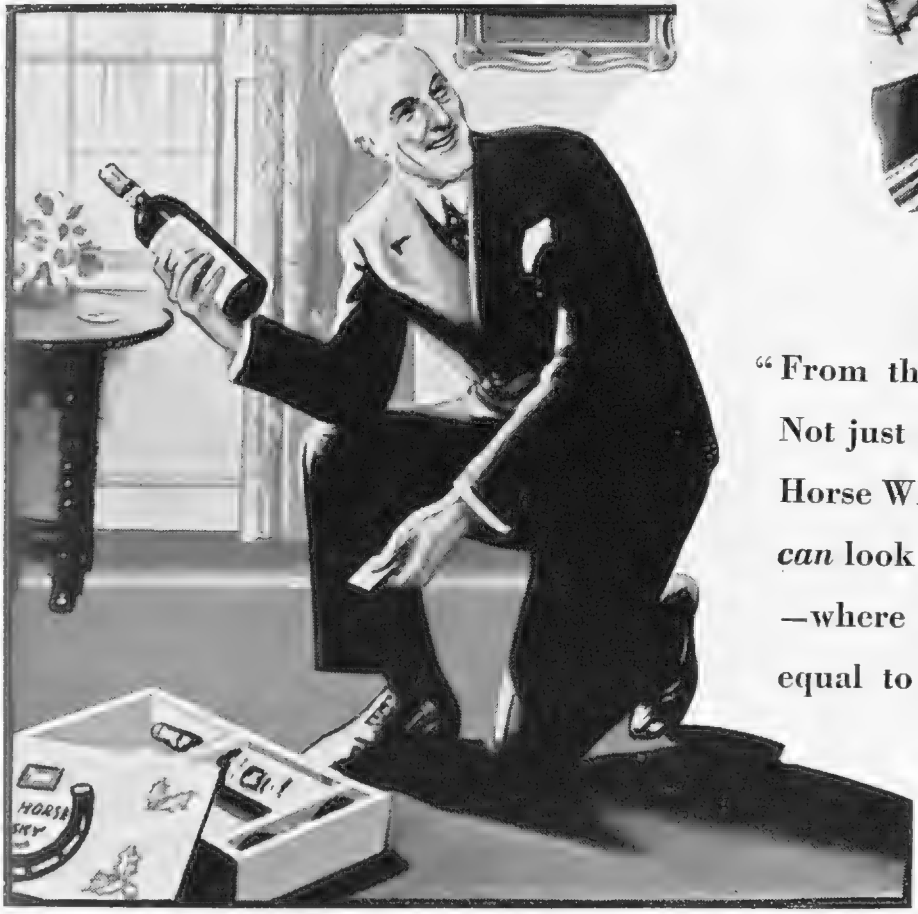
# "Lionel's so very fussy . . ."

*"He's the most difficult of the lot! He's got everything . . . and as fussy as they make 'em. Sort of man who has his coats made by one tailor, trousers by another! I know—we'll make it a case of White Horse!"*



"From the Beresfords. I might have known! Not just a case of whisky; but a case of White Horse Whisky. Well, here's one gift Horse you *can* look in the mouth! A glass; a syphon; and —where did I read it—smooth as slow music, equal to a fine liqueur . ."

*"From Lionel, darling. He says 'I can tell White Horse blindfold—no mistaking that soft after-glow. How one appreciates friends who understand the finer things in life!'"*

## *For your very particular friends*

# WHITE HORSE Whisky

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*Continued*]

"Never Stoop to Conquer."

A mild, sweet-natured woman beset by a host of unkind, indifferent, or overbearing relations, her husband and elder son among the most trying: this is the plight of Kitty Fairchild in Miss Ann Delamain's vigorous, amusing novel, "Never Stoop to Conquer." Having no one else to turn to, tired of being ordered about and stormed at, she could not help thinking wistfully of Ben Willis, the chauffeur whom, Potiphar's wife-like, her sister-in-law had made love to and then dismissed. But Kitty had to remember she was the wife of a well-known heart specialist. . . . Miss Delamain shows scant regard for probability in this romance; but her lively pen and her power of finding plausible emotions to suit unlikely actions stand her in good stead.

"Trial and Error."

Though dealing—and dealing exhaustively—with the crime of murder, its motives, detection, and punishment, "Trial and Error" differs from most detective-stories in almost every conceivable way. Mr. Todhunter, the hero-villain of this lengthy tale, suffered from an aneurism which, his doctor told him, would kill him in a few months' time. Safely condemned to death, therefore, without having caused expense to the taxpayer, he determined to justify his sentence. His motives in this, Mr. Berkeley would have us believe, were purely altruistic, and only after much earnest discussion and searching of heart did he decide that of all the deeds which those in a more enviable position than himself might hesitate to perform, from motives of fear or morality, the murder of a carefully selected victim would be most certain to increase the happiness of others. Having rapidly dismissed Hitler and Mussolini from his list of potential victims, he began to look seriously for a suitable "murderee." His choice may have been dictated by considerations more personal than the unselfish desire to rid a rather uninteresting family of an incubus; but, once made, he acted on it with a decision surprising in a man of such unenterprising antecedents, and soon removed the lady from the scene of her nefarious labours.

MISS MARY ASQUITH, MISS CLARISSA CHURCHILL, *and* MRS. GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE *were among the stall-holders at the Christmas Fête organised by the Women's Liberal Club at Westminster Palace Rooms.*

That one of the very people whom this murder was designed to protect should be accused of it, tried, convicted and condemned, was, in the circumstances, inevitable; nor was it surprising that Mr. Todhunter should find it difficult to prevent a miscarriage of justice. An admirable plot; but Mr. Berkeley never seems quite certain how seriously he means his extravaganza to be taken. The many ingenious and entertaining scenes it contains would stand a better chance of being appreciated if he had concentrated on characterisation and made fewer digressions about the British police, the British Press, and the British law.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Pepita. By V. Sackville-West. (*Hogarth Press; 10s. 6d.*)
Pinkney's Garden. By Neil Bell. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
Never Stoop to Conquer. By Ann Delamain. (*Constable; 7s. 6d.*)
Trial and Error. By Anthony Berkeley. (*Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.*)

BY APPOINTMENT
Hunt & Roskell take pleasure in inviting inspection of their new collection of gem set watches. Each of these watches is a perfect piece of jewellery, an accurate timekeeper and fully guaranteed.
Diamonds £75
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# MARIEGOLD AMONG THE ART GALLERIES.

WITH the New Year the Exhibition Season begins in London. Stay-at-homes who can't escape for winter sports or winter sunshine in Switzerland, Austria, or Monte Carlo and the South always have a lot of Art to console them. I recently had some news of the forthcoming Loan Exhibition in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital, to be held, as usual, in the splendid setting of Sir Philip Sassoon's London home. It is to be called "Old London," and will be a general collection of pictures, silver, tapestry, china, and other objects associated with our capital. The City Companies are lending some of their finest silver and plate, and a notable collection of pictures of London hospitals is coming from the Foundling Hospital. Battersea enamels are to be a feature, and will include some of the best examples from Mrs. Ionides' famous collection. The show will open about the middle of February.

. . . . . .

Then, of course, we are going all-seventeenth-century at the R.A. Galleries. The masterpieces which will be seen in the show of European Art of this period will include treasures from private collections all over Great Britain which are now nearly all at Burlington House, so as to be hung in time for the opening on Jan. 3. Characteristic examples of the work of Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Vermeer, Velasquez, Claude, Poussin, and other masters are to be shown, and a feature of the Exhibition will be a number of important works by artists so far little known to the British public.

The portraits of famous characters will be numerous. Among the most notable ones will be Rubens' equestrian painting of the Duke of Buckingham (Charles I.'s beloved "Steenie"), lent by Lord Jersey, and also Van Dyck's picture of the same personage when dead, from the collection of Lord Northampton, which was probably painted from a death-mask, after Buckingham's assassination by Felton. The smaller portraits will also include a charming head of the Duchess of Buckingham, by Moreelse, from a private collector, who is also lending some fine sea-pieces by those great marine artists, the Van de Veldes. The Duchess is shown as a young woman with light-red hair and an intelligent and determined, rather than a particularly beautiful, face. She was devoted to Buckingham, and one can recall few more tragic stories than the account of her husband's murder, and how she learnt of it. Lady Anglesey, sister-in-law of the Duke, saw Felton assassinate him, for at the moment she was standing in a gallery which looked down on the passage. She went to the Duchess's bedroom and informed her that "the sad day which her loving heart had so long foreboded had come at last," for Katherine had for some time been nervous over the danger of an attempted assassination, as she knew how unpopular the Duke was with the people. She rushed out in her nightdress and saw her husband lying bleeding and lifeless in the narrow passage of the inn.

. . . . . .

Calder's show of Mobiles and Stabiles at the Mayor Gallery gives you a great chance to let yourself go "playing with things." I did! Wires delicately manipulated and balanced end in coloured metal discs and balls and revolve either without touching, or give a tang like a tug going down the Hudson River. Calder is American. Among his stabiles is a great iron object, something like a propeller, each blade of which rings with a different sound, and I promise myself a happy hour one day, when, the gallery empty, and soft mallet in hand (Calder willing !), I will capture something of a West African drummer's sensations, which must be heaven! Private-viewers were fascinated; among them Mrs. St. John Hutchinson, who bought some of the very *chic* jewellery of brass or copper, which may make a revolution among first-night audiences. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth (National Gallery) Clark were there. She purchased quite a lot of jewellery, too, and so did Lady Wimborne. Captain Lindeman and his wife, both very well known in Paris, were there, the Sacheverell Sitwells, and some painters—Paul Nash, Henry Moore, and Captain Richard Wyndham. Mr. Calder is giving a circus-party later, in which his mobiles will perform!

. . . . . .

One of the most intriguing exhibitions on at the moment is the Exhibition of Marionettes at the Wertheim Gallery. They come from all sorts of artists, including V. Hotchkiss, Kenneth Wood, and Lotte Reiniger, who makes the famous strip silhouette cartoons for the films; and they are dressed in traditional costumes, such as Harlequin, Punch and Judy, and as other characters as old or older. There are also a few of present-day political figures. They are mostly about two feet high, and their pliable joints move in a way that is more than fascinating, manipulated by strings. A small stage is erected in the gallery, and from time to time performances are given, at which children on Christmas holidays can have the loveliest time. The show goes on till Dec. 22, so there is plenty of time to see them.

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## GENERAL NOTES.

THE forty-first annual edition of "Baily's Hunting Directory" (1937-8) is now on sale, and well maintains its reputation for accuracy. The carefully revised particulars of all hunting information, the world over, prepared from official returns, make Baily's the standard work of reference on hunting. This season, particulars of 565 hunts are given, and of these, 405 are in the British Isles, 41 are foreign, Indian and Colonial, while the U.S.A. has 119. Baily's is not only a book of reference, but has an interesting review of the 1936-7 season, reports of hunt associations' annual meetings, huntsmen's records, awards at the principal hound shows and hunt puppy shows, brief obituary notices of prominent sportsmen who have died during the year, and a useful list of towns with hunts accessible therefrom. A new feature this year is provided by the Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechase Section. Baily's, published by Vinton and Co., is issued in red cloth at 10s. 6d., and in a full red-leather edition at 15s.

Those in search of a handy and inexpensive reference book will find every want supplied by the "*Daily Mail* Year Book, 1938," priced at 1s. It will answer queries on practically all topics of the day.

In *The Sketch Christmas Number* we published a very charming water-colour drawing, by Nicolas Bentley, called "Oh What Fun to Have a Plum Bun," illustrating a scene from Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring." We should like to point out that Mr. Bentley made this drawing a good many years ago, when still a student, and that since then his technique has matured and altered considerably. We want, therefore, to correct any impression our readers may have had that the drawing was of recent date.

### PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA" (Westminster). 7.—Greek tragedy New-Englandised at length. Superb acting.

"ROBERT'S WIFE" (Globe). 8.30.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in a play which makes you ponder. Magnificent acting.

"HIDE AND SEEK" (Hippodrome). 8.15.—Bobby Howes and Cicely Courtneidge at their scintillating best.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Unlimited laughter.

### PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.—Charles II. and Pepys the diarist as makers of the British Navy.

"THE PHANTOM LIGHT" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Good work by Gordon Harker and Edna Best in a thriller.

"PEOPLE AT SEA" (Apollo). 8.30.—A good Priestley night's psychological entertainment; with excellent acting.

"IT'S IN THE BAG" (Saville). 8.30.—A very bright revue.

"AUTUMN" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie, Victoria Hopper, in a quadrangular drama.

"ST. MORITZ" (Coliseum). 2.30 and 8.15.—Brilliant ice spectacle, with gold medallist performers.

"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Henson, Emney, Hearne and Louise Browne in true Henson vehicle.

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—Priestley psychology; Wilfrid Lawson's first-rate interpretation.

"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" (New). 8.15.—Dodie Smith's newest. A well-acted play about young people.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30. — Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in solution of sensational murder.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

### FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"100 MEN AND A GIRL" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Deanna Durbin forms an orchestra.

"DEAD END" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—A powerful adaptation of a drama set in the New York slums.

"THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA" (Carlton).—Paul Muni in a real life drama vividly reconstructed.

### FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"STAND-IN" (Tivoli).—Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell in a satirical comedy of a Hollywood studio.

"UNDERWORLD" (Curzon).—A French screen version of Maxim Gorki's play.

WALTER WANGER'S "VOGUES OF 1938" (Odeon).—Brilliant Technicolor cavalcade of fashion and a dressmaker's romance. Starring Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett.

"MONICA AND MARTIN" (Berkeley).—German comedy of a hoax in Berlin's artistic circles.

"LO SQUADRONE BIANCO" (Academy).—An Italian military drama set in the Libyan desert.

"THE LAST ADVENTURERS" (Academy).—A rousing tale of the Grimsby trawlers.

"NON-STOP NEW YORK" (New Gallery).—Comedy and thrills on board a trans-Atlantic air-liner.

### A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"MADEMOISELLE DOCTEUR" (London Pavilion).—Dita Parlo, John Loder and Eric von Stroheim in a secret service melodrama.

*While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.*

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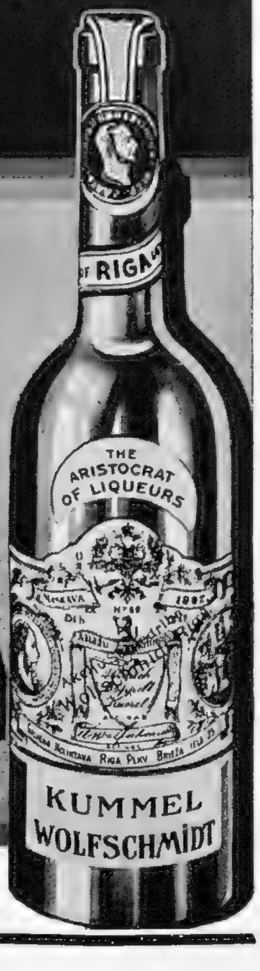


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## BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXXVIII.

"MUSTS" AT CONTRACT.

MUST a player obey his partner's commands at contract? Is it improper for a player to "pass" when his partner has opened with a *declared* forcing bid? Must a player religiously stick to the rules and regulations of his bidding system and never vary them? These questions are causing no little pother in bridge circles, and they strike me as being yet another example of contract players—or, more accurately speaking, contract conventionalists and system-mongers—wanting it both ways, and, indeed, every way. If a club bid must always be conventional and it is improper for partner to pass, how can it be proper and ethical, after the announcement (or implication, anyhow) that a bid of one spade or heart is conventionally an honest bid?—*i.e.*, suggests the making of seven tricks with spades or hearts as trumps. How, then, can a player throw in a sudden "psychic" spade or heart bid, which is not conventionally an honest bid, and which has no intention of making seven or any tricks with spades or hearts as trumps?

To justify a "psychic," either the bidder must declare it to be a "psychic" at the time, or opponent must have the right to ask if it is a "psychic" or an honest bid; which is absurd. The contention that "psychics" are as ethical as any other artificial bid, provided players announce they are using them beforehand, won't do, because if that were so, the "psychic" bidder would have two meanings for his spade or heart bid (one honest, the other artificial), while the conventional club-bidder may only have one meaning—artificial.

Further, who shall decide when a player may or may not make an artificial opening or when his partner shall or shall not give, say, a positive response? Suppose a player lets it be known that his one-club opening means he certainly holds $3\frac{1}{2}$ quick tricks, and that his partner's positive response must show at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ quick tricks. Well, this player thinks on occasion he will open on, say, $3\frac{3}{8}$ quick tricks, and his partner also goes haywire and gives a positive response on $1\frac{3}{8}$ quick tricks. Are these players to be had up before the committee, or must the hand be bid all over again, or must there be a fresh deal or something, because opponents say $\frac{3}{8}$ is not $\frac{1}{2}$, while the bidders say it 's near enough for them, anyhow? Suppose again one partner *must* by convention keep the bidding open up to a game bid, but somehow he fails to do so. What happens? Will opponents insist on a game bid being made? You see where all this *must* by convention leads, especially if opponents are to be allowed to supervise and correct the other side's bidding, and, as it might be, to teach them how to play their system as well.

And finally, what are these players of conventions worrying about, anyway? If AB sit down to play a system, and break the rules of that system by under-bidding, over-bidding, making false responses, passing when they *must* bid, letting game go "short" when they *must* bid up to game, when, in fact, they generally mess up the system, who are the gainers? Why, YZ, of course. The more mistakes AB make, the more they bid unmakeable slams, the more they miss unbreakable games, the better YZ should be pleased. Yet now they would have all this altered, just because on one isolated case it would have suited YZ to hear AB bid up high. Scarcely logical on the part of YZ, even if they do get a law passed allowing them to have things both ways.

Here is the solution to the double dummy problem of Nov. 24—

B: Spades—K, Q, 2. Hearts—Q, 9, 5. Clubs—None. Diamonds—A, 7.

Y: Spades—10, 9. Hearts—None. Clubs—A, Kn, 8, 7. Diamonds—Kn, 10.

Z: Spades—8, 7. Hearts—A, 10, 8. Clubs—None. Diamonds—Q, 9, 8.

A: Spades—A, 4. Hearts—7, 6. Clubs—K, Q, 9. Diamonds—5.

Spades are trumps, A to lead and make six tricks. A leads the five of diamonds, won by B's ace, and another diamond led and trumped with the ace. Then the four of trumps is led, taken by B's queen, and the two of spades led. This puts Y in, and he can win the ace of clubs only, for if he leads that ace, B will refuse to trump; if he leads small, A wins and leads another club, when again, if Y plays the ace, B will refuse to trump.

### SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, DEC. 1.

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DOWN.—1. Parade. 2. Person. 3. Tick. 4. Divines. 5. Mercerised. 6. Vicarage. 7. Feathers. 15. Next please. 19. Announce. 20. Treasure. 23. Newgate. 26. Things. 27. Chilly. 30. Idle.


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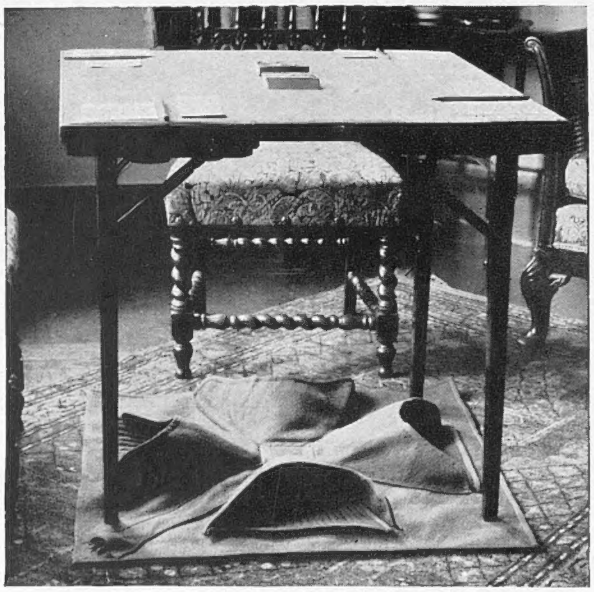

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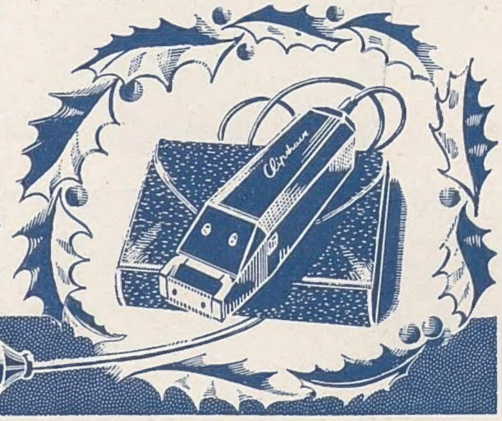

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